

A NEW
OPERA,

CALL'D

Cinthia and Endimion:

OR, THE

Loves of the Deities.

As it was
Designed to be Acted at COURT, before the
late QUEEN; and now Acted at the
Theatre Royal, by His MAJESTY'S
Servants.

The Second Edition.

Written by Mr. D'URFEX.

L O N D O N :

Printed by W. Onley, for Sam. Briscoe, in Russel-street, Covent-garden;
and R. Wellington, at the Lane in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1697.

The Relapse: or, Virtue in Danger. Being the Second Part of, The Fool in Fashion. Comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal.

A new Opera, call'd, Brutus of Alba: or, Augusta's Triumph. Acted at the Theatre in Covent-Garden. With Variety of new Songs. Both sold for Sam. Briscoe, in Covent-Garden.

The Names and Characters of the Representers in the Opera, morally fashioning the Vertues and Vices of Human Nature.

J *Uplar*, ~~Cinobry~~ Representing Greatness and Honour, attack'd by natural Frailty and wavering Passion.

Apollo, Representing Wit and Love, slighted by obstinate Pride.

Cupid, Representing Desire, wanton and unsatisfy'd.

Psyche, Representing innocent Vertue, o'ercome by insinuation, Opportunity and Love.

Daphne, Representing affected Pride and Ill-nature.

Pan, Representing Ignorance and Credulity.

Mercury, Representing Subtileness, Wantonness and Inconstancy.

Endimion, Representing Modesty, Integrity and Good-nature.

Syrinx, Representing irregular Passion, Treachery and Envy.

Gods, Goddesses, *Neptune*, *Amphitrite*, *Pactolus*, *Ganges*, *Tyber*, *Thames*, *Saturnia*, *Pleiades*, *Zephyrus*, Shepherds, Satyrs, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The Scene Ionia, with Mount Latmus.

To the Right Honourable,

HENRY, Earl of Rumney, Vis-
count Sidney, Master-General of his Majesty's
Ordinance, one of his Majesty's most Honourable
Privy-Council, Constable of Dover-Castle, and
Lord-Warden of the Cinque-Ports.

My LORD,

BE pleas'd, from your humble and most oblig'd
Servant, to accept this Off-spring of my Muse,
which I am the more encourag'd to lay at your Feet,
because it formerly had the Honour to be look'd upon
with a gracious Regard by the *best of Queens, of late*
happy and glorious Memory, before whom it had been
presented in her Court, if the ensuing *National Fata-*
lity, had not, in the interim, unfortunately happen-
ed; however, not to let it be intirely a Prey to ill De-
stiny, I have, with great Care and Pains, at last, made
shift to strip it from its Mourning, into a Dress
proper to be seen by the Town, tho' it may want
that Illustration which the Court-Ornament had a-
dorn'd it with: And therefore most humbly beg your
Lordship to make one Addition more to the many repeat-
ed Condescentions and Favours you have conferr'd on
me, which is, to let it be honour'd with a Place in
your Esteem; and then I shall never have occasion to
value what Malice, Ill-nature, or any unjust Criticism,
shall inveterately expose to its Prejudice.

A 2

You

The Epistle Dedicatory.

You are one, *my Lord*, that all Eyes are so much upon, all Hearts so much inclin'd to honour, serve, and love, and all Pens so oblig'd and ready to praise, that, tho' my Heart be as full of desire to do it as is possible; yet I find there is no place left void for me to express my Duty; there is nothing to be said, which has not been already, and perhaps too with more Advantage on the Writer's side, than I have Partiality enough for my self to pretend to.

There is another significant Reason too, *my Lord*, which wholly deters me from the common Custom of *Poets* and *Dedicators*, which is, your Scorn and Detestation of Flattery, wherein you nobly imitate the Royal Inclination and Humour of our Glorious Master, King *WILLIAM*, who never fail'd to shew his frowning Dislike of that *Frenchified* Vice, nor ever gave Incouragement for its Seeds to be planted and grow in his Dominions: To whom I wish Eternal Honour, Successful Victory, and Long Life: And that you, *my Lord*, in reward of your Indefatigable Duty, Care and Zeal for his Service, may always be happy in the Station you now are in. The Blessing of his Smiles and Favour, is the Perpetual Wish of,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most intirely

devoted humble Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

PROLOGUE to *Cynthia* and *Endimion*.

The Scene is a pleasant Country, in which appears, by an artificial Sun just setting, Mount *Latmus*, with pleasant Valleys round it; some full of Corn, others with Fruit; a Gloominess on the suddain o're-spreads the Stage, till after a while *Saturnia*, representing Night, ascends from the Stage, and Sings:

Saturnia. **T**He weary, hot and amorous God of Day,
 Defends into the Bosom of the Sea,
 To revel there some pleasant Hours away,
 And I, succeeding Regent of the Night,
 Till mighty *Cynthia* rises with new Light,
 O're all the gloomy World extend my awful sway:
 Nature is gone to rest, and Human-kind,
 Possess'd with Peace of Mind,
 Enjoy, what in these Groves, the happy Shepherds find;
 Appear my Dazling Pleiades, appear,
Cynthia intends, to Night, to revel here;
 Come, come away,
 Come, come away,
 Adorn'd each in her glittering Robe, and shame Approaching-day.

Enter the *Pleiades*, *Electra*, *Alcinoe*, *Caleno*, *Tagete*, *Asterope*, *Maia*, and *Merope*; they joyn in a Figure like the Seven Stars; as they appear, the Scene becomes more light; then *Merope* prepares to Sing:

Merope. **B**Ehold the Daughter of fam'd Atlas come,
 Adorn'd with Lustre at great Night's command;
 Thro' ambient Air ten thousand Leagues from home,
 We come to Visit blest Ionia's Land.

II.

Say mighty Queen of Shades what's to be done!
 What Wonders must the bright *Virgilix* do?
 Are we to Mutiny against the Sun,
 And let Mankind no more his Splendor view?

Saturn. No, no, no, no, that's too severe,
 No blemish must in your bright Forms appear;
 Let Faction be by drossy Mortals shown,
 The purer starry Region must have none:
 Joy is your business now, Joy and Delight,
 Great *Cynthia* comes to revel here to Night.

Merope. Then since the Affair is all Dancing and Play,
 My light-footed Sisters shall trip it away,
 So brisk that the Swains,
 That inhabit the Plains,
 Shall all at the Sight,
 Have a Passion for Night,
 And remember no more the dull Charms of the Day.*

* Dance.
 Sa.

The PROLOGUE.

Saturn. *Bright Star, Sweet Merope, this grant of thine,
Shall make thee equal with my Planets shine;
For now the hour draws near, and to my Sense,
Methinks I feel lov'd Zephirus's Influence;
The Charming Zephire, fragrant breezes blows,
See wh-re he comes perfuming every Rose,
And shedding Sacred Odours as he goes.*

Enter Zephirus.

[Sings this to a Minuit Tune.]

Zephir. *Night, dear Promoter of Lovers Felicity,
Thou sweet Attender for Cares of the Day,
Happy disguise of a Virgins simplicity,
Whose guilty Blushes her Heart wou'd betray;
Thou sweet Concealer of her Intreague,
Which the Day wou'd reveal,
When to a private Bower,
At some Mid-night-hour, whilst the old Dad do snore,
To her Love she wou'd steal.*

II.

*Then the extreams of true Joy are most ravishing,
When silent Hours indulge our Delight,
Whilst happy Mortals, Loves Treasures are lavishing,
Day still they rail at, but bless the kind Night:
Day the curst cause of Mortal Debate,
Pride, Ambition and Cares,
With Sol lies dreaming,
Where Thetis is dreaming,
Whilst Night, Love and Fate
Rule the World's grand Affairs.*

Sat. *I know, I know, and more am pleas'd
That we are from his gaudy Beams releas'd;
For by a Light that breaks thro' yonder Skies,
And a bright Crescent that does rise:
Cynthia I see draws near,
Great Cynthia in her Splendor will appear.*

GRAND CHORUS.

*Let Nature then revel in Joy and Delight,
Let Cynthia and Jove be the Chorus to Night,
The God of all Power, and Goddess of Light.*

EPILOGUE to the OPERA.

Mr. Dogget, dress'd like Collin, rises from under the Stage as frightened.

OH! — oh! —
 From Crouds of Rogues, that did, like me, rebel;
 Good People, I am just now scap'd from Hell,
 By lucky Fortune, and Apollo's Grace,
 (I shall love Wit the better all my Days)
 Repriev'd from Pluto's smoky Dungeon-hole;
 A Convert, to save yours and my own Soul.
 Ah, Criticks! leave off then, to Damn our Rhimes,
 Lest you are Damn'd yourselves these devilish Times;
 For, had you seen what I have seen below,
 Such Reformation would amongst you grow,
 You'd hear the Parson oftner than you do;
 You'd have a wiser Relish of what ill is,
 And damn no more your poor Souls, for your Phillis,
 Your Cloris, Daphne, or your Amarillis;
 You'd leave the wanton Dabbling in the Palm,
 No more Chant Bawdy Songs, but Howl a Psalm:
 Little did I think, in that Station, new,
 To find so much Acquaintance 'mongst that Crew;
 But there they were! A sad Tale, but 'tis true;
 The Quois, the Cassack, Red-coat, and the Blew,
 The Cit, the Lawyer, and the Soldier bold,
 And more damn'd Vintners than the place would hold;
 Yet, for all these, the Virtuoso's there,
 If I observ'd right, were Hell's choicest Ware,
 Much more regarded than the duller Fry,
 The Devil of late loves learned Company.
 Time was, a House-breaker was a fine Guest;
 But now, he's for a Wit, that breaks a Jest:
 And has for each Degree peculiar Rooms,
 Fit Offices for every one that comes;
 For th' Lord, is the large Dining-room assign'd;
 The Bed-chamber, for th' Lady that is kind;

[Groans.]

The

THE EPILOGUE.

*The low Mechanick, is a Kitchen-dweller ;
For Pimps, the Hall ; for Poets, is the Celler ;
For Plotters, a huge Slaughter-house they frame,
Where one expected was, of noted Fame ;
Fer, fer, fer, fer, - I'm sure you know his Name :
I ask'd, If he, e'er yet, had seen his Room ?
'Twas answer'd, No ; But he was sure to come.
Shock'd at that News, I ran away, for fear ;
And, finding Friends, made shift to get up here,
An humble Penitent now, - as true and loyal
As are the glittering Sun-beams to the Dial.
Take good Example then, and mend your Lives ;
Beat all your Whores, good Sirs, and Buſs your Wives ;
On Wit no more a barbrous Censure paſs,
But let Good-nature ſhew that you have Grace ;
So you may have the Peace you wiſh the Land,
And Tallies and New Money answer your Demand.*

CINTHIA

CINTHIA and ENDIMION.

A

Dramatick Opera.

A C T I

The SCENE appears more lightned; Variety of Birds are heard Singing; and several Flutes, as suppos'd, play'd on by the Inhabitants, Shepherds them.

Enter Apollo, dress'd like a Shepherd; with him Endimion.

Apol. **H**EARK! Heark, *Endimion*! Listen to these Strains,
The skillful Breath of some contented Swains,
That know the Soul of Life is Harmony:
Mind every Note, observe each softning Cadence;
And when thou hast done feasting thy pleased Ear,
Then tell me if *Apollo* is not wretched,
Beyond the basest Mortal here below.

Endim. Divine *Apollo*, *Jove* will soon relent,
Finding his Glories dearkned by the Loss
Of the chief Light of his Eternal Palace,
The God of Musick, Wit, and Poetry;
As he is just, he's merciful: I once prov'd it,
When an abhorr'd Detractor, the Court being here,
Envying the Grace I found in *Juno's* Eyes,
Strove to possess him, that she was too kind;

B

Then

Cinthia and Endimion.

Then urg'd him straight to doom me, for Presumption,
To take a Drug brought out of Hell from *Proserpine*,
Which could cause Sleep perpetual : But *Jove*,
Scorning his Malice, rais'd me more to Favour,
And so, no doubt, e're long he will *Apollo*.
Banish your Grief then, and unclowd your Eye;
These Strains, alas ! are dull, when you are by.

Apol. Once I indeed was Sovereign of Arts,
When through the dazling Empire of the Sky,
No Deity aspiring to be fam'd
Durst vie with me to please my Heavenly Father;
The Lucid Glories circled round my Head;
And when I sung, and touch'd my charming Lyre,
None durst presume to equal, but admire.

Endim. Are ye not still the same ?

Apol. Oh no, 'tis gone :
My Godhead now is dwindled to Mortality,
My Triumph's turn'd to Sorrow, which still drop
From my full Eyes, like Showers of Winter Rain ;
I now retain no Spark of what's Above,
Or of Divinity, but that I love.

Endim. The ambitious Son of *Neptune*, the fierce *Cyclops*,
That forg'd the Thunder for the King of Gods,
S'a'n by your Hand, I know first caus'd your *Exit*;
But of your Love, till now, I nothing knew ;
Sure great *Apollo* is not unsuccessful.

Apol. Whiter than *Parian* Marble, but as cold
Is the Celestial Nymph that I adore ;
She has a Face where Beauty sits in State,
Adorn'd with blooming Sweets, two Starry Eyes,
Bright as her Soul, so Heavenly languishing,
So full of liquid Love, and sprightly Joy,
That an old Critick, dogged from his Cradle,
And bred unnatural, would gaze and wonder ;
A Glance shou'd so confound Philosophy ;
Her Name is *Daphne*.

Endim. Then I know her well,
She now has Residence in *Cinthia's* Court.

Apol. So *Hermes* told me on *An. crisus* Bank,
Where late I kept the King *Admetus's* Sheep,
In what Degree *Jove's* dreadful Rage then plac'd me :
For her Sake, lovely Youth, I wander here,
Courting the mournful Shades obscurely,
The worst of Mortals now, tho' late a Deity.

Endim. If Love Omnipotence a Curse design'd,

Cynthia and Endimion.

3

I am most Curst of all poor Human Kind;
Beauty o're me so absolute does Reign,
I think it Heaven to Love, altho' in vain:
Yet all must own the Passion Great and Noble;
A Joy the best of all the Gods has sigh'd for,
And to obtain it chang'd Immortal Being.
Oh! *Cynthia*, thou Extream of Excellence.
But hold, rash Tongue, thy helpless Woe conceal,
This Mystery, Fate only must Reveal.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Hermes.

Hermes. *Endimion*, from the Starry Queen I come,
To Summon your Attendance at their Revils;
By leave from *Jove* to finish an Affair,
Of some great Consequence, she lately here Descended.
But yet, as if he blam'd her Curiosity,
He smiling gave Command, that for a Month,
The time ordain'd for her Abode on Earth,
That she, and all of us should be Translated,
And in a Mortal State be Subject to
The Accidents, Passions, and Punishments
Of this Inferiour World. You'll have good Sport faith,
For ten to one some of our Gods fly out
To try their new Humanity: For my part
If I 'scape Whipping-post, or Stocks, I'm happy.

Endim. With eager Duty I obey the Summons;
'Twill be some Pleasure to stand gazing by,
For tho' it starve my Heart, 'twill feast my Eye.

[*Exit Endim.*]

Herm. Wonder invades my Sense, yet no disguise,
Can hide the great *Apollo* from my Eyes:
I know that Awful, Godlike Form too well;
And know, besides, 'twas *Daphne* brought him hither.
Oh! Love, how powerful is thy Decree,
'Mongst all the Gods, sure I shall envy thee.
How blest are those caught in thy charming Snare;
And yet how blest am I whose Heart's as free as Air.

Apollo. You'r merry, *Hermes*.

Hermes. Brisk as the wanton Winds,
That lift the Beauty of the blooming Spring:
I have no Female-tyrants to torment me,
Employ'd with my two Trades, Lying and Stealing:
I've been so full of Business, Love is routed,
I have no time for silly Sighs and Whinings;
The most attractive Nymphs I dare despise,

B 2

And

And all the Shafts in Love's Artillery.

Apollo. Take heed, he'll be reveng'd, unless by Art,
You steal away the Weapons that should wound ye.

Herm. By *Stryx*, I'll do't, if e're I catch him sleeping.
Last night I stole out one of *Juno's* Teeth;
And 'twould have made you laugh to see the Goddess
Mumping her Chops, and mumble her *Anabrosis*,
Like an old Wrinkled Beldam at a Feast.

Apoll. No doubt 'twas good diversion.

Herm. But the most pleasant Theft that e're I made,
Was upon *Venus* when I stole her *Cestus*:
When cunning *Zephire* fann'd her Tinsel-robe,
Discovering the white World of naked Beauties,
To all the wondring Synod of the Gods.

Apoll. Since your dislike of Love has made you Wise,
I think I ought to Court you for Advice.
What think you of a Woman?

Herm. As a Creature,
That a Man is cheated with by Partial Nature.
A fine gay colour'd Weed, a gilded Pill,
A dear, damn'd, pretty, necessary Ill.

Apoll. Yet Men their Praise in loftiest Wit express.

Herm. That's but a smoother carrying on the Jest,
And make the coy Fools easier to Possess.

Apoll. But Constancy in Love.

Herm. Sure never was.

'Tis a dull Notion to explain an As.
The constant Wretch that does but one adore,
Has neither Wit, or Courage, to Love more.

Apoll. This Vice of Roving's natural to *Hermes*.
But prithee Friend go and Solicite for me,
Thou hast a winning Tongue, practice on *Daphne*:
Tell her my Love, in influencing Words,
Gain her, and make *Apollo* thine for ever.

Herm. If Lying, which you know is my chief Talent,
Will work upon her, she shall have enough on't.
I'll go, and my best Skill on th' Instant prove,
And if a wheedling Tongue, or Tears can move,
The God of Wit shall never dye for Love. }

[Exit *Herm.*]

Apoll. By my Heart's throbbing anguish it appears,
That with Mortality I have its Cares.
Ah! why should Love a Torment prove to me,
That is to others a Felicity?
The Harmony that tunes their jarring Strife,
And sweetens all the Cares of anxious Life:

Crown-

Cynthia and Endimion.

5

Crowning a Mortal with as blest a Fate,
As a superiour Power that did Create.

Here a Symphony of Flutes and Hautboys are heard.

Apoll. By these delightful Sounds that charm my Ear,
Too well I find the God of Love is near :
And see he comes Triumphant through the Sky,
Bourn by the Winds that Kiss him as they fly.
In *Pan's* close Covert I'll my self conceal ;
I dare not tempt new Wounds till the old can heal.

[Exit Apollo.]

Cupid Descends, attended by Zephyrus.

Cupid. By *Jove's* high State, and all the Court divine,
Once more I swear fair *Psyche* must be mine.
Whilst from his Palace sily I stole down,
To Exercise my Power on haughty *Cynthia*,
In this her Interval of Mortal State,
Because she still above defy'd my Power,
By matchless Beauty I am caught myself :
Oh ! she is whiter than my Mother's Doves,
Nay, than my Mother's self, the Queen of Loves.
More Innocent than Virtue in Perfection ;
And young as th' Morning, when the rosy Nymph,
Blushes to leave the Bosom of her Lover.
With my own Hand I took my fatal Dart,
And wounded, ere I was aware, my Heart.
And now I Rave, I Love to that degree,
To gain her, I'd renounce Divinity.
Yonder she comes : Sing *Zephyrus*, O ! sing,
Some happy Strain, some gentle moving thing :
Whilst I with subtle Practice play my part,
And steal into her Fancy by my Art.

Enter Psyche. The First Song by Zephyrus.

I.

Musing on Cares of Human State;
In a sweet shady Grove ;
A strange Dispute I heard of late,
'Twixt Virtue, Fame, and Love :
A Swain that wanted grave Advice,
Their nice Opinions crav'd,
How he might to Elysian rise,
Or get a Place beyond the Skies,
Or how he might be Sav'd.

II.

Nice Virtue preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to Eternal Rest ;

To

To Aid his King, and Country's Cause,
 Fame counsell'd him, was best.
 But Love oppos'd each noisie Tongue,
 And thus their Votes out-brav'd:
 Get, get a Mistress Fair and Young,
 Love fiercely, constantly, and long;
 And then thou shalt be Sav'd.

Swift as a thought the Amorous Swain,
 To Silvia's Cottage flies,
 In soft Expressions told her plain,
 The way to heavenly Joys:
 She who with Piety was stor'd,
 Her Bliss no longer wav'd,
 Pleas'd with the God they both ador'd,
 First smil'd, then took him at his word,
 And thus they both were Sav'd.

Enter Psyche.

Psyche. Cloy'd with the noisie Court, the Seat of Care,
 As I each Evening hither came for Air,
 Harmonious sounds fill all the hallow'd Grove,
 A charming Consort, singing tales of Love.
 Sure Jove his Sacred Choir does hither bring,
 But what, Oh! what, is Love, of what they sing?

Cupid. Love is what does all mortal Joy controul,
 The best and noblest Passion of the Soul.
 Jove's kindest Gift; for, by its Rapture, we
 May find the bliss of Immortality.
 Sit down fair Charmer, and for your delight,
 Love, that has fed your Ear, shall please your Sight.

Psyche. What Heavenly Visions in this place appear?
 And what a beauteous God-like thing is here?
 Not to sit by him, were my self to wrong,
 For sure he cannot hurt me he's so young.

A Dance of Cupid's Lovers here.

Cupid. Now does not Love all other Joys excel?

Psyche. Alas! what have you done? I am not well.
 Methinks I feel an aching throbbing Pain,
 Here at my Heart.

Cupid. That shall be gone again.

Psyche. Shall it, oh! when?

Cupid. Dear Charmer, when you prove
 So kind to bless me with the fruits of Love.

Psyche.

Psyche. The fruits of Love ! do I the Garden know ?
Are they Fruits ! where do they grow ?
The Pain does now my Heart so strangely seize,
I would give any thing to purchase Ease.

Cupid. But these are not the Fruits that you must grant.

Psyche. I sigh, and wish, and know not what I want ;
Tell me, what are they ?

Cupid. You must kiss me.

Psyche. Fie.

Cupid. Love and embrace me.

Psyche. For the World, not I :
I never heard so confident a Boy.

Cupid. A Boy ! Do not my Courage by the Stature scan ;
Kiss me, and you shall find I am a Man ;
Turn this way, Sweet, and the soft Blessing prove
The dear Preparative to Rapture Love.

Psyche. He wins upon me strangely, and his Tongue
I fear would charm my Heart, should I stay long.
And see, methinks, his Frame is alter'd quite,
And now he's grown up to a manly Height.

Psyche. away, to Cynthia streight retire,

Her Name's Charm to quench all Amorous Fire.

Cynthia the Chaste, sworn Foe to loose Desire.

In the Perfection of all Virtues bright,
Serene and pure, as her own Orb of Light.

Cupid. Cynthia, nor all the Deities above,
Have Power enough to make Defence from Love ;

And since a Kiss your Errour makes you blame,

Cynthia you so adore should do the same.

Psyche. What ? Kiss a Man !

Cupid. So let me gain Love's Fruit,

As you on *Lavinia* too shall see her do it.

Psyche. If not, shall I be free ?

Cupid. Free as the Air.

Psyche. Then I am near the end of all my Care ;

For Cynthia never can commit such Faults,

Her Lips must be as guiltless as her Thoughts.

Cupid. Great Ones, oft scorch'd with secret Passion, mourn,
Tho' outwardly no Fire is seen to burn.

That Cynthia loves, in spite of all her Power,

I'll quickly prove, or may I never more.

Be charm'd by those bright Eyes I so adore.

[Exit Cupid.]

Psyche. If that chaste Goddess can enamour'd be,

Love never can be thought a Crime in me ;

Since tis for him in whom all Graces meet.

Heavens ! how he charm'd ! Was ever Tongue so sweet ?

The

The Kiss he su'd for how long'd to grant;
 His the Petition was, but mine the Want.
 Wou'd I had never seen that lovely Creature,
 Or else had been of more obdurate Nature;
 For now methinks I languish for his sake,
 And fear to lose a Good I fear to take.

[Exit Psyche.

The End of the First Act.

A C T II.

Cupid returns with Zephirus.

Cupid. **S**He's mine, she's mine; mine in every tender Part;
 Love revels now, and centers in her Heart;
 The kindling Sparks within her Breast take Fire;
 Care in her Looks, and in her Heart Desire.
 Yet still my Promis'd Justice to pursue,
 Proud *Cynthia*, is to sigh and languish too;
 Which I'll perform in th'Instant with a View.
 She comes! Stay *Zephirus*, and wait her here,
 And power the soft Infection in her Ear;
 I through the Air will instantly take Wing,
 And hover o're the Covert whilst you sing.

[Cupid Ascends.

SCENE discovers a beautiful Garden, at the further End of which is a Bower, adorned with Flowers and Trophies of *Luna*, *Cynthia*, and *Proserpine*; a Throne fixed, over which a Full Moon appears in a serene Sky: Then enter Attendants with Banners, bearing the Inscription, *Cynthia*, then *Hermes*, *Endimion*. Then Enter *Cynthia* richly dress'd, attended by *Psyche*, *Daphne*, *Syrinx*, and *Pleiades*; *Neptune*, *Amphitrite*, *Pasolus*, *Ganges*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, &c. they divide on both sides the Stage, till *Neptune* prepares to Sing.

Neptune Sings.

From the vast Empire of the Sea below,
 Whose secret State no Mortal e're can know,
 From Coral-groves, and Banks of Pearl and Ore,
 And watry Caves, where Nature hoards her Store,
 Lo *Neptune* does arise,
 Lighted by charming *Amphitrite's* Eyes,
 To welcome the bright Goddess of the Skies:

[Exit.

Proud Eolus to day shall lose his Power,
 The Wind shall rage no more,
 But with a gentle Breeze
 Shall languish o're the Seas,
 Whilst Cynthia's glorious Name,
 Great Cynthia's glorious Name,
 Shall wish repeated Eccho's bless the Shore.

Zephyrus Sings.

Zeph. Each River and murmuring Spring,
 In honour of Cynthia shall sing,
 Who fills us with Joy and Delights,
 And guilds with her Beauty our Nights :
 For half our Lives Pleasure were gone,
 By losing the Light of the Sun,
 If she did not counterfeite Noon,
 And supply the Defect by a Moon.

Paëtolus Sings.

Paëtol. I come the mighty Neptune to obey,
 The great and happy Monarch of the Sea ;
 Far as the famous Asian Strands
 I daily glide o're Golden Sands ;
 Yet when he calls ne're durst delay,
 But curl my shining Locks, and streight obey.

Ganges Sings.

Ganges. And I, that still amongst the swarthy Moors
 Rowl, rowl, rowl out my tedious Hours,
 In true Obedience hither come with Joy.

Tiber Sings.

Tib. And so do I.

Paëtol. And so do I.

Ganges. And I.

Omnes. And all with equal Haste, with equal Joy.

Tiber. But first came I.

Paëtol. And then came I.

Ganges. Then I.

Omnes. And all with equal Haste, with equal Joy,
 And all, &c.

Thames Sings.

Tham. I must confess, were I like you,
 Then I should be obedient too ;
 But know ye puny shallow Streams,
 That I the deep, wealthy, and beauteous Thames,
 That by Augusta, famous for her Stores,
 Wash the delightful Shores,
 Had never this way bent my crooked Course,
 Had Neptune not controll'd my Will by force :

Cinthia and Endimion.

For, like our Natives, I've the common Evil,
Of Plenty proud, and stubborn as the Devil.

Neptune Sings.

Ye Sons of the Ocean, say what's to be done,
The Thames is rebellious and mutinous grown.

Paſcol. He never no more shall his City oblige,
For we'll dam up his Current just close to the Bridge.

Ganges. Importing of Goods, and his Trading shall fall,
And Cist with his Spouse walk on Foot to Fox-hall.

Tib. The Mayor at his Triumph shall grutch at his Charges,
And swear there's not Water enough for his Barges.

Amphitrite Sings.

Amph. Kneel, O kneel, thou stubborn Creature,
Still there's Pity in his Eyes,
Neither Anger nor ill Nature
In his Sacred Bosom lies.

(2.)

Let thy watery Nymphs around thee
In loud Joy their Duty shew,
Lest great Neptune should confound thee,
Keeping back thy Ebb and Flow.

(3.)

Sabrin, Tamar, Ooze in order
To divert your Goddeſſ come,
Else your Crime to punish further,
Men shall walk where Fiſhes swim.

(4.)

Thames shall be dry'd up for ever,
If he now dares disobey;
And what was a famous River,
Shall be soon the King's High-way.

Thames Sings.

Tham. See, I obey: Appear, appear
My beauteous Daughters all, and revel here:
When Power formidable grows,
'Tis Folly to oppose.

This let Augusta know,
To whom I all my stubborn Humours owe;
And still am to her ancient Maxim just,
I do obey; I do, because I must.

Grand Chor. Each River and murmuring Spring,
In Honour of Cinthia.

[Here Cinthia descends, and comes forwards.]

Cint. To seek Apollo exil'd here below,
To cheer his Sorrows, and Jove's Pardon show,

[Aside.

Cynthia and Endimion.

11

I come----tho' 'tis not fit that these should know.

A Secret of the Gods must Sacred be,

'Tis Chance on Earth, in Heaven 'tis Mystery.

Omnes. Hail, *Cynthia*, hail, Night's glittering Deity.

Cinth. When mighty *Jove* my Breast did influence

With mystick Rules of his Celestial Sence,

Humility he sacredly Assign'd,

As the most charming Virtue of the Mind.

Therefore, tho' Power unlimited I bear,

And can, whene're I please, unsheath it here;

Yet now resolv'd a mortal State to try,

I for a Month will lay my Godhead by;

My Lustre veil, from yon bright Orb remove,

And rank with every Virgin of the Grove.

Syrinx. What an attractive Grace! Inviting Air! [*Aside.*]

What a Heart-wounding Eye, and Cheek as fair

As in their Glory full-blown Roses bear,

Has that *Endimion*? Oh! I love so well,

I fancy every Glance or Blush will tell.

Herm. Through all the Nations of the Universe,

Where is a Place that's like *Ionia* blest?

Virtue and Beauty their old Claims renew,

And their Divine Perfection take from you:

Since your Approach the Groves refin'd have been,

And the wildest Shepherds now forget to sin.

Endim. All Vice from their rebellious Blood is driven,

And now the talk of you equal with Heaven;

Should you another Month these Lawns possess,

The Court of *Jove* would suffer a Disgrace,

And fam'd *Ionia* prove the holier Place.

Cinth. Oh Vice of Courts! How wretched should I be,

If I were pleas'd to hear this Flattery?

Daph. In this soft-tongu'd *Endimion* you may find

The vile Epitome of all his Kind.

Men are the grand Originals of Vice,

Train'd up in Mischief, Treachery and Lies;

Debauch'd in Nonage, profit not by Rules;

To Fools are Wits, but witty Womens Fools;

Betrayers of our Liberties and Rest,

And she that scapes them is for ever blest.

Psyche. Tho' some are bad, sure all Men are not so:

Have they no Mark by which a Maid may know?

If in my Bosom any Ill could be,

My very Blushes would discover me.

C 2

My

My Eyes the Falshood of my Heart betray.

Syrinx. Poor Ignorance, thou art of Yesterday,
Else thou wouldst know we are as false as they.
As skill'd in all the Doubles of the Mind,
Deceit; Fool, is the Character of our Kind;
For which of us e're vow'd her Love was true,
That had not first learnt to dissemble too.
Men must be fool'd, and when this Art we prove,
Fraud stands for Truth, Hypocrisie for Love.

Cinth. O thou Defamer to thy Sex, a Curse,
Rude *Pan* himself would not expose ^{em} worse.
The blasting Breath of Envy could not place
A worse Detraction on the Female Race.
Men well may hear Invectives against them,
If thus they one another do condemn.
Let Musick sound, dull Love or Flattery is
A Subject fitter to be heard than this.

[Musick here.

Cupid hovers o'er.

Cupid. Now at my wished Haven to arrive,
I must a deep and subtle Plot contrive:
Infect proud *Syrinx* with a jealous Rage,
Which nought but Revenging can assuage.
Whilst *Cinthia* does for her *Endimion* pine,
And for his Love, with she were less Divine.

Ascends.

Cinth. How my transported Soul this Musick charms!

How strangely, how effectually it warms!
My Heart's new tremblings troubles my repose,
My cold chaste Zeal too, on the Instant glows.
I rave, and now think *Jove* of mean degree;
For yonder Youth seems more a God than he.
Heavens! I'm lost, for still the more I gaze,
The more I dote upon his charming Face.

Hence from my sight thou Sconcerer! away!
By all my Fame, Death punishes thy stay.
From her high Sphere, can *Cinthia* ever bow?
To meet a Fate, so despicably low:
Immortal Gods! if ever this can be,
May my own Stars against me Mutiny.

[To *Endim.*

May my Illustrious Brother mount his Throne.
Ordain new Sway, and rule the World alone:
Let Order cease through all the Earth, and Sky;
Matter confus'd, in huddled Atoms lye:
And Nature lose its Course, rather than I.

My

Cinthia and Endimion.

13

My Fate, and Fame in my own Orb must move,
Or there's no Deity worth Cinthia's Love.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A cover'd Grotto at the end of a spacious Plain, adorn'd with May-poles, deck'd with Trophies, Garlands; Herds of Sheep and Goats, at a distance feeding.

Enter a Satyr running with Flora in his Arms; after him Hobinal, Clout, Tarbox, and Lowbell, fighting with three or four Satyrs. Hobinal runs to Flora, whom the Satyr lets go to help his Fellows.

Hob. **A** H! well done, well done, Son Clout; I [Clout has one down.] fack, thwack him, thwack him; what hoa Neighbour, Collin, down with the shaggy Ruffians. What hoa, Neigh- [Calls a'rotter side.] bour Collin, what hoa.

Low. Stick to him, Tarbox, turn the But-end of thy Staff to him, Boy; help, help, there's another Goat upon him.

Tar. I warrant thee I have him by the beard, Boy. [The Satyr is helpt up.] I'll spoil his whiskers.

Hob. Neighbour Collin, Neighbour Collin, what hoa, stand there Flora, and don't be afraid. What have they odds of us; nay then have at ye.

Fight agen, then Enter Collin with a Flayl, and beats of the Satyrs.

Collin. Cheer, cheer, Neighbours cheer, let me come to 'em, I'll thrash the Rogues, I'll maul 'em. [Hallows within, then re-enter.]

Low. They are as swift-footed now as Stags; now we have drub'd their Mettle up, they run like Grey-hounds.

Tar. Gadslidlikins, Neighbour Collin laid about him lightly.

Hob. Ah! he thrash'd 'em faith, thank ye heartily, good Neighbour I'm hugely oblig'd to ye; and how does my Girl, hum.

Clout. How is't Buddy, hah. How dost do Chick, he has not hurt, has he?

Flora. No, not much, he made my Arms ake a little with squeezing me so hard when he took me up first, and the bristles of his Beard has made my Face smart a little, but I'm well e'ery where else.

Clout. Ee poor Buddy, I'm glad on't fackins.

Coll. But hark ye, hark ye, how began this Hubbub, Neighbours? come let me know all.

Hob. Why

Hob. Why to be short then, Neighbour *Collin*, for I know you are a wise Man, and can see into a Mill-stone without Spectacles. You must know we live in a most confounded condition, under this same Goat-fac'd God, *Pan*, here, and his shag-rag Family, our Wives and Daughters are not safe one hour of the day for 'em.

Low. An hour, no not a minute, Neighbour; why now for my part, I'm fain to milk my Cattle my self, I dare not send my Wife out not I, for fear of meeting 'em, and having her own Milk spoil'd.

Coll. Well let *Tarbox* speak, Come Neighbour what say you?

Tar. Why they wont so much as let a Cheese stand upon the shelf, but they'll ravish that too, they'll ravish any thing, nothing comes amiss to 'em, Neighbour.

Hob. Body o' me, I'm mortify'd when I think on't; why Neighbour I did but send the poor Girl out a door to the Well to fetch a Pitcher of water, and whip, one of these hairy Rag-muffins had trust her up, as a Hawk does a Partridge: and had'nt we come just in the nick, and reliev'd her, they would have us'd her as we do a wheaten Loaf, every one by this time would have had a slice.

Coll. And for a Loaf not cup up before, troth, one slice might have been miss'd Neighbour.

Clow. Gadsdiggers! and then I should have had a fine Crust, that am to marry her next Moon; for she's my Sweetheart you must know, Master *Collin*. Art not *Flora*? hab Lamb.

Flora. Yes, so my Mother says; but heark ye, what shall I be the better for being so?

Clow. Oh! a great deal Chick, a great deal, when thou com'st to understanding. There, there's a Plumb-Cake for my Lamb.

Flora. Oh good! here's a pure kind Sweetheart: well, I'm resolv'd now I will have him.

Clow. Go, go home Buddy, and dip it in the Cream Pan, do Lamb.

Flora. Oh! God, so I will Ivads.

[Exit *Flora*.]

Hob. Ah! poor fool. And thus we are serv'd Neighbours, ever since they came hither, by this rampant God *Pan*, and his followers: but Gad-zooks Sir, I have it in my head, d'ye hear Neighbours: We'll Rebel and Right our selves; we'll live no longer under his Government: let's resolve on't.

Coll. Why, ay, Sirs, now you come to the matter. Heark ye, bring your Ears nearer to me, and listen to what I say: If you'll be of my mind, you shall not only care a straw for this God *Pan*, but for never a one in the whole pack. In short, Neighbours, we can live without 'em; what you have heard of me, I hope, han't ye? why folks call me thrasher of the Gods, I am always at open jarrs with them, they ne'r oblige me as I would have it, with Corn, Pease, Beans, and so forth; nor I them their way, for I ne'r go to Prayers, nor ne'r will; and see who will have the worst on't.

Clow.

Cinthia and Endimion.

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Clout. Good Lord ! 'tis strange, now to see how folk differ now, I say my Prayers morning and night, Gadsdiggers I'm affraid to go to sleep else.

Coll. Why there 'tis now, I could ha' told him that by his Face ; I can discover a praying Logger-head, by his pale tallow Phiz, as certainly as a drinker of Brandy by his red Nose.

Low. Nay for my part, I can't say much for their God-ships not I, but yet methinks, for this same *Cinthia* that's comes among us here, to light us to bed, and save Candles, I can't but think her a vertuous good body enough.

Coll. Pshaw, prithee don't talk of her Virtue, she can never be good that goes by so many Names, 'tis the trick of a Slut Neighbours ; believe me, in one place she's *Luna*, in a second she's *Proserpine*, and here, now she's *Cinthia* ; come without mealy mouth'dness, she's a Jilt, Gadsbud ; why what a plaguey trick did she serve that poor Huntsman, *Ac-Ac-Arteon*, I think they call him, the honest harmless Fellow chanc'd to come by the Pond as she was washing her---- he happen'd to give a grin on her, or some such small matter, when presently what does she do, but bewitches him with the scent of a hard run Stag, gave an Hollow, and then set his own Dogs upon him.

Tar. Ay that was barbarous, introth Neighbours ; then they say here's her Brother *Paul*, *Paul*, what d'ye call him ? *Apollo*, *Apollo* lyes lurking about her too, and comes smelling after a coy Wench, *Daphne*.

Coll. Why what a noise there's made too about his Wit, and Musick, why, 'tis true, the fellow's a good tollerable Harper, and can break a jest at a City Wedding, or so, that's all, he kill'd a little rattle-Snake to'ther day, and ha, ha, ha, he's so proud on't, ever since ; besides that *Daphne* uses him like a meer Nincompoop, she makes him carry her Slippers, or mend her Stockings, she makes him a meer changling.

Ommes. A *Collin*, a *Collin*, a *Collin*.

Clout. Well but Neighbour *Collin* this God, as you say, may have but small parts, but pray let's hear what you can say against *Jupiter* : what can you say against him ?

Coll. What have I to say against *Jupiter*, why how now *Clout*, what thou wilt not beard me, wilt thou ? what have I to say against him : Come, prithee what hast thou to say for him ? Hum, let me alone Neighbours.

Low. Ay, ay, Neighbour, let him say that. Go on, *Clout*, go on.

Clout. Why then, Odsheartlikins, I must say that this *Jupiter* is of all the rest, the most powerful : when he's pleas'd, the World rejoices, but bless us, when he's angry, Oh ! how I tremble at his Lightning and Thunder.

Col.

Coll. Oh ! Lord, did you ever hear such a damn'd silly puppy, come you shall hear me tell the whole story of him. Look ye, this same *Jupiter* you must know being sent as soon as he was born, away by his Mother, amongst the *Couribantes*, a sort of poor fellows that belong'd to Powder-mills, for fear his greedy gut Father *Saturni*, who us'd to breakfast on all his Male-brats, should eat him, got the knack there of making Sky-Rockets, Squibbs, and such like, and now when the maggot bites him, he's always whizzing and popping 'em about, and this poor Animal takes 'em for Lightning and Thunder ; ha, ha, ha. Heark ye, Neighbour *Hob*, bid him tell us e're a one of his friend *Jupiter's* good deeds, and then you shall see how I'll feague him.

Hob. Heark ye, *Clout*, Come, let's hear one of *Jupiter's* good Deeds ? come ?

Clout. Good Deeds ; why I heard he conquer'd the monstrous Giants, which I think folks call *Titan's*, and releas'd his old Father from Prison.

Coll. Ay, and when 'twas done, went home with him to his Palace, and lay with his own Sister----good.

Omnes. A *Collin*, a *Collin*, a *Collin*, hey.

Coll. Come, come, prithee go on to the rest of 'em.

Clout. Why then, but that he's a little too fat and foggy for a jolly companionly sort of God, what think you of *Bacchus* ?

Coll. Why just as much as he thinks of any body else, that is nothing ; for he gets drunk as soon as he rises, and is past thinking all the day after.

Tar. Why, marry then Neighbour, what d'ye say to him ? he's a brave God.

Coll. Ay, so the crack goes of him, he is a fighting God, ah ! God help him ; would I were to play three Bouts at Flail with him, I'd try whose Sconfe was hardest : I'd spoil his Cuckold-making for one month I warrant ye.

Omnes. Hey, a *Collin*, a *Collin*, a *Collin*, hey.

Low. But hold Neighbours, there's *Cupid*, there's a little pretty sweet God for ye.

Coll. What d'ye call him ? 'sbud if you had him grumbling in your Guts, as I had once, you'd think him as bitter as Wormwood, Gadsooks, that Urchin, Dandiprat, with a little sneaking Bow and Arrows, does more mischief than all the rest of 'em together : But come now, I'll spare ye the trouble now, of naming the rest, and shew ye at once what a sad pack of Fellows these Deities are, as they call themselves.

Omnes.

Omnes. Ay, come, let's hear. —

Collin. In the first Place, then for our Home-Deity, God *Pan's* Worship here ; why you see by his Horns and Goat's *Phiz*, he's a Monster : *Jupiter* a lewd unconscionable Whore-master : *Apollo* a sneaking Cully, and Fidler *Bacchus* a Sott, *Mars* a Bully, *Mercury* a Thief, and *Cupid* a Pimp : Then to couple 'em neatly with their Goddesses, *Juno's* an' envious Scold, *Cynthia's* an inconstant Jilt, *Pallas* an Hermaphrodite, *Proserpine* a Hagg, *Ceres* a Slutt, and *Venus* a Whore, to my Knowledge.

Omnes. A *Collin*, a *Collin*, hey.

Collin. To end the Matter then, Neighbours, I declare I'm for a Common-Wealthlet us therefore, *nemini conumdiscendre*, plot against these Gods afore-said, and their Government: We'll have no longer Arbitrary-Power: We'll bring 'em down to the Station of Constables; Then any one of us, Neighbours, may hope to come into Office in his Turn.

Omnes. Hey, a *Gollin*, a *Collin*, Hey.

Enter Flora.

Flora. Father, forsooth, my Mother stays for ye to Dinner.

Hob. Come Neighbours, my Son *Clout* has a pure Sloop of good Liquor within, we'll tap it before the Wedding to entertain Neighbour *Collin*: Son *Clout* invites 'em all in.

Clout. With all my Heart I fackins, and kindly welcome, as I may say.

Tar. What Neighbour, you're resolv'd to couple to morrow then?

Clout. Why truly Neighbour, the short and the long is, *Flora* and I have a great Mind to try one another's good Luck: she has consider'd the worst on't.

Low. But is not the Heifer too little to wear the Yoke, Neighbour? You'll think of that, I hope.

Clout. Why truly I have examin'd Matters as narrowly as I can, and her Mother is of the Opinion — no: and she's a very knowing Woman Neighbour. Speak Lamb: What did Mother say?

Flor. She said she was as little every bit her self when she was married, and that it would do me no hurt at all.

Clout. Law ye there now: Besides the Buddy, there be short she's tydy.

Collin. Well, and what Muckik, what Gambols are ye to have Neighbour?

Clout. Why Fackins not much: but there will bethe Pipe and Tabor, and Blind *Will* with his *Dulcimer*: And then the Frying-Pan and Tounge.

Collin. Well, and I'll give thee a Zong: And thou shalt have a Zaumple or presently if thou wilt.

Clout. Ay, Gadfookers, with all my Heart, sweet, Master *Collin*.

Omnes. Ay, Ay, with all our Hearts, with all our Hearts.

Collin's SONG.

I.

Was when the Sheep were shearing,
And under an Oaken Tree,
Dick gave to Doll a Fairing,
Resolv'd her Love to be.

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Cynthia and Endymion.

I long, Sweetheart, to bed with thee,
 And tho' I cannot wooe,
 I've hey pish, hey pub, hey foo, hey for a Boy.
 Sing, shall I come kiss thee now.
 Methinks I long to bed thee,
 And merrily buckle so.
 With hey pish, hey pub, hey foo, hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come kiss thee now.

II.

Doll seem'd not to regard him,
 As if she did not care :
 Yet simper'd when she heard him
 Like any Miller's Mare.
 And cunningly to prove him,
 And value her Maidenhead,
 Cry'd fye, nay pish, nay fye, and prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to wed ;
 She said she ne'er could love him,
 Nor any Man else in Bed.
 Then fie pish, fie, nay pish, nay prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to wed.

III.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood Dicky to hear her talk,
 All hopes to get her under,
 This sad resolve did balk ;
 At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Sow :
 For hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come kiss thee now.
 In loving Arms did fold her,
 Ere sneak, and cringe, and cry,
 With hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing shall I come kiss thee now ?

IV.

Convinced of her coy Folly,
 And Female stubborn Will,
 Poor Doll grew melancholly,
 The Grift went by her Mill ;
 I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser
 Than value what I have said ;
 If I do cry nay fie and pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too Young to wed ;
 Bring you the Church Adviser,
 And dress but the Bridal Bed,
 Then try tho' I cry fie and pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too Young to wed.

Clout. Well, this will be curious, I'll say't : Come, come, now let's home and tope it lustily.

Hob. Ay, to the Downfall of our monstrous God *Pan*.

Low. And the rest of 'em I say,

Tarb. Ay, Ay, and the rest: We'll do well enough without 'em, as Neighbour *Collin* says.

Collin. Ods heartlikins, here he comes, and the Hum-drum Harper with him : We must get out of their Sight : Away, away, Boys. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Enter Pan guarded with Satyrs, with him Apollo.

Pan. Rough as I am, and in my Nature wild,
Bred up in Rural Caves 'mongst Savages
That know no Worth, nor understand no Reason;
Yet shall *Apollo* in his Welcome find,
That *Pan*, tho' doom'd to Rustical Society,
Knows how to value such Excess of Merit,
Tho' he wants Words t' express it.

Apollo. In Acts of Friendship there's small need of Words,
And therefore *Pan* may fairly have Excuse.
Had foolish *Midas* when he prais'd thy Pipe,
Extoll'd thy Courtesie and honest Nature,
Apollo had been baffled ev'n in both.

Pan. My Father, tho' the God of Eloquence,
Yet could not spare me a Child's Portion, therefore
Take my well Meaning for my Compliment.
By *Syrinx*, whom I love at my Heart's Root,
Once more I swear *Apollo* is most welcome.

Ap. Once more my Thanks to *Pan*; but hush, no Murmurs,
For if my Eyes deceive me not here comes
The swift-wing'd Pursuivant of *Jove*.

Enter Mercury.

Pan. 'Tis he—— how fares my Father *Hermes*?

Ap. Welcome, kind *Mercury*.

Merc. Health to *Apollo*, and to Off-spring *Pan*,
To whom I carry most surprizing News:
For at the bottom of yon rising Hill,
Close by a silver Brook that girdles in
A Thicket, crown'd with Jasamin and Roses;
I saw his Souls best Part the lovely *Syrinx*,
Weary with hunting stretch'd at her full length

He fighting loud, discovering Worlds of Beauties,
Unveil'd and careless to the Amorous Winds.

Pan. Perhaps she's wounded, and may now be dead,

Oh dreadful Sound! Away, I'll seek her instantly,

[To his Guards.

And all my choicest Drugs I'll carry with me:

'Mongst which I've some that can e'en Life retrieve

From th' Jaws of Fate, others that can destroy,

Just at a moment, and some of that strange Nature,

They in a Mortal swoon'd and deadly Sleep,

Can seize on all the Offices of Life,

Whole Years, nay Ages, tell me, good Progenitor,

Was she not wounded?

Merc. Faith, Boy, I hope she was not, but can't swear.

Pan. I goe, I fly, excuse my eager haste, since Love's the Cause.

Ap. He's gone, and now my dear Ambassador,

What Comfort for thy Friend?

[Exit Pan.

Merc. What you could wish— Which made me send away

This Scandal of my Blood, this God

Of Sheep-hooks ———

Prepare your self, the Nymph is coming hither.

Ap. Who, *Daphne*?

Merc. She.

Ap. Prithee don't flatter me, nor use thy Humour

Of lying to thy Friend.

Merc. 'Tis true, by *Cynthia*.

I must confess you'll have a plaguy Task on't:

For all my Tricks and Wheedles 'twould not do,

Nor could my Tears, my Sighs or Languishing,

Which ~~at~~ some certain times ne'er us'd to fail me,

Move her one jot—till at last a happy Lye

(I thank *Jove* for the Gift) ingag'd her hither.

Ap. Prithee what was it?

Merc. I told her a young Mountain-Boar was lodg'd

Close by this Covert; she, greedy of the Game,

Forfakes the rest o'th' Nymphs that now are Chasing——

And yonder see she comes; 'tis fit I leave you.

Now, Prince, your Wit, and on this Truth rely,

No Woman yields so soon as she that's Coy.

[Exit Merc.

Enter Daphne, with a Javelin.

Daph. Sad lonely Groves, and Sun-defying Woods,

The dark Recesses of the Sylvian Gods,

Thickets where never Mortal Foot e'er trod,

Where candied Snow in heaps remains unthaw'd,

I've with unusual Patience wandred round,

Yet

Yet nothing worth my Javelin have found.
Sure *Hermes* with a Lye abus'd my Ear,
Hah! do I dream? or is *Apollo* there?
'Tis he; and now I'm sure I am betray'd,
He comes, but I'll to *Cynthia* cry for Aid.
Away, and let me go.

[*She is going, and Apollo interposes*

Ap. Not till I speak.

If I should lose you thus my Heart will break.]

Daph. Still am I plagu'd with the old whining Tale,
Can no Denial, nor no Scorn prevail?
Nay then this Weapon in my just Defence,
Shall free me from this strange Impertinence,
I'll kill ye.

[*Offers her Javelin at him.*

Ap. That your Eyes half did before,
Your Javelin now can hardly hurt me more.

Daph. My Eyes, Oh Falshood, senseless, poor and dull!
I swear the God of Wit is grown a Fool.

Ap. Reflect, fair Creature, then what Charms you have,
The Wit's a Fool, the Conqueror, a Slave.

Daph. Still d'ye oppose thus then without Remorse?
What you deny me I'm resolv'd to force.

[*Rushes on him with the Javelin, and wounds him; he disarms her.*

Ap. Barbarous, Ingrate; must Blood then quench my Flame?
Instead of Kindness is my Life your Aim?

Kindness, Oh Heav'n! how doubly fool'd is he,
That Kindness hopes from Woman's Cruelty,
When stubborn Humour feeds her Tyranny.

Beauty and Love by *Jove* were first design'd,
The choicest Blessings he could give Mankind,
Lovers with Ease did the dear Treasure gain,
But now coy Rigour grieves 'em with such Pain,
The Joy scarce countervails when they obtain.

Daph. Then for a Joy so little worth their Pains,
Why have so many Idiots lost their Brains?

Nay, why will you, so late a Deity,
Descend so low poorly to sue to me?
To me that ever shall thus Coy appear,
He little thinks I have a Love elsewhere.

Begone, for shame——no blustering will avail,

Apol. Love when abus'd has Privilege to rail.
Your Sex ungovern'd Passions hourly rule,
And Natural Error makes ye Love a Fool.
Wit is a Monster that provokes your Rage,
And is as little welcome as Old-Age.

Ho

Honest Desert you can disgust each hour,
 But Noise and Nonsense ravenously devour.
 To all your Mischiefs Vertue is the Guide,
 Vertue that feeds the Wolf of your curs'd Pride.
 Your Sexes awful Cheat, for who e'er knew
 A Woman proudly chaste, good-natur'd too?
 Nay, you shall stay.

Daph. Now you shall prevail.

I'll stay 'gainst Mankind in my turn to rail,
 Man that ne'r thinks he has a happy day,
 Unless he finds some Woman to betray:
 Man that then eagerly pursues the Chace,
 And swears and lies till he grows black in th' Face.
 How many Tricks to plot our future Pain,
 Are every day contriv'd amongst vile Men?
 What Taylors are there damn'd to frame a Dress,
 To make a Coxcomb taking to damn us.
 How many Oaths in Volly when they woove,
 And yet how sure we are not one are true;
 And if a Maid is fated to the Curse,
 To change her State for better, or for worse;
 We must the Nuptial Bed with Virtue Crown,
 Tho' he the Leavings brings of the whole Town,
 And straight dislikes because she is his own.
 Then with vile Sinner, tiring out his Life,
 Kecks and makes Mouths at th' very Name of Wife.
 This, this is Man, this is that precious he,
 In Moralls learn'd—

Apoll. Rarely, tho' this may be.

What are the Vices you have nam'd to me?
 Consider and repent.

Daph. Repent, for what?

Apoll. For injur'd Love, and this ungrateful Fault,
 Atone for sheding thus my guiltless Blood.
 Make me Amends.

Daph. I cannot if would:

You are of a Sex I hate, cou'd you change Shape,
 Tho' with a Bear, a Hedge-Hog, or an Ape,
 As Nature's Products all—these love I can;
 In these there is no Mischief, but for Man,
 Soft Passion in my Breast, no Room can find,
 And nothing that's on Earth, can change my Mind. [*Exit hastily.*]

Apoll. Behold, fond Lovers, by coy Dames deny'd,
 Behold, the Quintessence of Female Pride:
 See here, the fleeting Bliss, for which you toil,
 Burn out your Lamps, and waste your precious Oil.

In

Cynthia and Endymion.

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In Woman the grand Disturbance of the Mind,
In either Station, whither Coy, or Kind.
Then hate her—Ah, how Vain is grave Advice
Pleading 'gainst Nature, and its best of Joys;
For tho' in th' Rapture, the sweet Blessing is
So very short, that he that reaps the Bliss,
Can hardly say 'tis this.
Yet Men much more that happy Moment prize,
Than Fame or Wealth, than Crowns or Monarchies.

[Ex. Apoll.

Enter Pan with Satyrs and Shepherds

Pan. She comes unlook'd for, to this happy Place,
Love brings her hither, to prevent my Labour,
Let us retire, and when I give the Sign,
Be ready with your Skill to entertain her.

[Exeunt.

Enter Syrinx.

She loves him, oh, she loves, found it ye Winds,
Even to the utmost Confines of the Globe;
Proclaim aloud that *Cynthia Loves Endymion*,
And he ill Fated Youth does doat on her:
Whilest I am left regardless, and refus'd,
Nay, tho' I've forfeited a Virgin's Blush;
And with pale Cheeks, and Eyes all bath'd with Tears,
Heart-breaking Sighs, the silent breath of Passion,
And Words unfitting any thing but Love,
Have told him my sad Story but in vain;
To *Cynthia* he Aspires, *Cynthia* the Fair,
The Great, the Haughty—but she shall not have him;
No, I'll oppose their Pleasure tho' I die;
This I think the Covert of God *Pan*;
Whom I've observ'd to be as fond of me,
As I am of *Endymion*, and tho' I hate him,
Yet I for once, and meerly for my Ends,
Will work upon his Temper; he has a Drug
Given him by *Proserpine*, and Envious *Pluto*,
Of such strange Force, and deadly Nature,
That it can cast one into such a Sleep,
That nothing can awake. This is Revenge,
I'll wheedle out of him, to give *Endymion*;
So shall he be incapable of loving,
And the of being belov'd—but see he comes.

Enter Pan with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and Satyrs; he sits down by Syrinx.

1. Shepherd sings *Great Pan, the preserver of our Flocks;
By whose blest Power we thrive and gain;*

2. Shep-

1. Shepherdess sings. *Who keeps our Lambs from Bog and Rocks;
Accept the Duty of each humble Swain.*

Shepherd. *To Syrinx too, we welcome give,
Shepherdess. Syrinx that shall for ever live: -13*

Shepherd. *Whilst Love and Beauty can disperse,
Whilst Love and Beauty can disperse,
Of both. Their Blessings o'er the Universe.*

*Whilst Love and Beauty,
Love and Beauty,
Love and Beauty can disperse,
Their Blessings o'er the Universe.*

2. Shepherdess. *Syrinx and Pan, how shall we entertain?*
2. Shepherd. *See, see the Satyrs in a merry Vein,
Are coming down this way,
Prepar'd to dance and Play,
And sing a pleasant Round-Delay.*

Enter a Satyr and a Nymph, who sing this Dialogue.
Satyr. *Last Night when Phcebus went to Bed,
And I my hungry Goats had fed,*

*I stole to Court,
To see some Sport,
And hearken what the fine Folk said;
Where soon my Heart was made a Prize,
To one that wore black rowling Eyes:
Be kind then Dearest of all Dears,
For I'm in Love up to the Ears.*

II.

Nymph. *If you Love me, you must prepare
To clip your Horns, and shave your Hair
Instead of causing Love, you scare.
The Hoofs too hid within your Shoes,
In Bed a tender Maid will bruise,
They must be par'd.*

Satyr. *With all my Heart,
Nor will I cry, oh—at the Smart;*

Nymph. *Then come and the new Mode I'll shew,
And trick, and dress you like a Beau.*

III.

Satyr. *How shall I change this matted Hair?*

Nymph. *You must a powder'd Peruke wear;*

Satyr. *But then my Faces Tawny Red;*

Zona, what can mend?

Nymph. *It must be stay'd;*

*With boiling Water I'll begin
To fleece you from that fallow Skin;
'Twill scald, 'twill burn,
Fie, fie—no, no :
Or if it do,
You must some small Pain undergoe,
Or you can never be a Beau.*

IV.

*Satyr. For Love of thee, I'll do't, my Dear,
Say next what Habit must I wear,
Instead of Hides, and broad Fig-Leaves?
Nymph. A Coat, with bugs, long, slouching Sleeves;
A Hat cock'd up with Button fine,
And Steankirk twisted to your Chime :
'Tis all the Mode*

*Satyr. An apish Sham ;
Godzooks I'm better as I am.*

Nymph. Nay, then farewell.

Satyr. Oh, say not so.

*Nymph. Then do't and dare not answer no,
I can love nothing but a Beau.*

Chorus of both.

*Satyr. Then take me and muddle me just to thy Mind,
Since Beauty much stronger than Reason can bind ;
I'll once be a Coxcomb :*

*Nymph. Why, then I'll be kind,
What ever Distinction in Morals may be,*

*Satyr. When a Female's 'tis' Case,
Every Male is an Ass,
And the Man, and the Satyr agree.*

*Here the rest of the Satyrs enter and Dance, which done, Pan whispers a
Satyr, who goes and fetches the Drugs.*

*Pan. Not only this but every dread Command,
Pan shall with Joy obey, if you will pardon
My rude unpolish'd Phrase, and let my Service
Atone for my Defects in Conversation.*

Syr. Be well assur'd I will.

*Pan. The Dainties of the Spring, shall please your Eye,
Summer and Autumn too, delight your Taste ;
I'll bring the lovely Maid, where clust'ring Grapes,
Full as thy Lip, swelling with spritely Juice,
Shall give their willing Bunches to thy Hand ;
Tall Chestnuts, and the Filbert-Trees in Rows,*

E

Waiting

Waiting thy Pull, shall bow their Summer Treasure
 And in their turn, the bleeding Mulberry,
 Juicy Pomgranate, and the luscious Plum,
 Shall pay thee Tribute; nor shall this be all,
 For to indulge thy Appetite, my Flocks,
 At my Command, shall cast their Kids and Lambs;
 And when at Night, cloy'd with luxurious Feeding:
 Thy Beauteous Eye-Lids fall, in Groves of Jessamine:
 In Beds of Roses laid, my airy Quire,
 Sweet Nightingales like Flutes, the Thrush and Ozel,
 As shriller Flajollets, with warbling Linnets,
 In Consort joyn'd, shall sing thee to thy Rest.

Syr. Oh—heavenly, why this wou'd charm a Virgin,
 Were she as Cold as Northern Iffles.

Pan. Will you then love me? pray forgive my Bluntness.

Syr. Hope well, this is no place for Promises,
 And now to let me see, how your Observance
 Equals your Love, leave me alone, and instantly.

Pan. I'm gone, your Breath can drive me round the World,
 And in an Instant stop the swift Career.

[*Exit Pan.*]

Syr. Go, and thy foolish Dotage be thy Plague,
 It ne'er shall trouble me; here is the Drug,
 The fatal Instrument of Female Malice:
 And now methinks the Mischief broods within me,
 And all my Veins swell with the just Revenge:
 To love, and not be lov'd, what Curse is like it?
 Poverty, Sicknefs, Slavery or Exile,
 Famine or Plague, Tortures or Lunacy,
 are Ease to hopeless Love—oh, I'll not endure it,
 But in my Love's Defence, let fly at all,
 Since I cannot possess, no other shall.

[*Exit.*]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Cynthia.

Cynthia. **A**LL things around me with content are blest,
 And Peace is every where, but in my Breast.
 The toying Swain, more happy than a King,
 In wishes bounded, chearfully does sing.
 The Beasts in Plenty feed, the Birds on Trees,
 Caroll their Loves, and in the smiling Seas
 The little Fishes, dancing, seem to say,
 Nature is pleas'd, and gives us leave to play.
 The gawdy Sun, revels o'er all the Fields,
 And to his Favorite Flowers, fresh Odors yields:
 Who in return of his indulgent Sway,
 Unmask to kiss the Bridegroom of the Day:
 A general Joy fills all the spacious Earth,
 As if 'twere the Creation's second-Birth:
 And Sadness like some Witch skulk'd in a Hole,
 Can find no Place for Harbor but my Soul.
 Oh! wretched State of Greatness when the Mind,
 A slave to proud Ambition is confin'd;
 And Love that does the chiefest Joy create,
 Is crush'd by the unweildy Bulk of State.

Enter Psyche.

Psy. Oppress'd with Grief, and almost drown'd in Tears:
 With throbbing Heart, that true Contrition wears;
 The poor *Endymion* begs, he may have leave
 To see, and from your Eyes, his Doom receive,
 He says he knows not yet, what is the Fault,
 Nor done a wilful Errour ev'n in Thought.

Cyn. Offenders oft their Crimes extenuate,
 But he in guilty Matters, of this Weight,
 Does well to choose so fair an Advocate

If you but plead, a Pardon must ensue,
By all my Stars, I fear she loves him too.

[Aside.

Psyche. Had I the fond Ambition to believe
That, Madam, for my sake you could forgive;
I must confess I would petition straight:
But since it is an Honour much too great,
To be importunate would prove a Crime
In pardoning, the Gods best know the Time.

Cynth. Oh *Psyche*! thou art nearest to my Love,
Given me in Fancy by mighty *Jove*.

Forgive me, Sweet, if I have been unkind,
Alas, I am not well, humorous as Wind;
But, for thy sake Submission shall atone,
Go, fetch him in, and then leave us alone.

Psyche. If this be Love, the Kiss will soon ensue,
And then I'm forfeited to Heav'n knows who:

Yet what he is methinks I long to try,
When Inclination prompts, what Virgin can deny?

[Ex. *Psyc.*

Cynth. He comes, and now I must strange Frowns put on,
Talk Daggers to him, tho' I with him none.

Would I had chosen here some lowly State,
Free from the Cares and Troubles of the Great;

Where Love, Content, and Innocence agree,
To bless the Swains with Life's Tranquility.

Endymion then might have look'd up to me;
But as I am thus high, and he so low,

I love, but 'tis not fit that he should know.

Enter *Endymion*.

End. As a poor Criminal with flowing Eyes

Bows down to supplicate the Deities,

With humble Aspect does his Prayer begin

Begging a free Remission of his Sin;

So I with all humility implore

Your Eyes to dart their angry Beams no more.

That I have many Faults too well I know,

And great ones, since you please to think 'em so;

But in the main Offence am yet to seek.

Cynth. Your Cunning, and Excuses, are too weak;

You have been insolent, and in each Grove

Proclaim'd licentious Stories of your Love;

In sawcy Rhymes my Name your Theme must be,

And *Cynthia* decks the Bark of every Tree.

Eclipsing thus my Fame and Grandeur too,

Speak now, aspiring Fool, is not this true?

Endym. The Sacred Name of *Cynthia* all adore,

And so do I.

Cynth.

Cynthia and Endymion.

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Cynth. But that you lov'd you swore.

Endym. I durst not so presume.

Cynth. What does he say?

Oh Heav'n's! my Looks will my Surprise betray.

[*Aside.*]

Endym. My Hours in Adoration I employ
You for all Mortal Passion are too high
Love to our Equals well befits the Blood
But not to you.

Cynth. What then you are too good
Or love another which your Vanity
Perhaps presumes to think does equal me.
This is an Intolence more vile and base,
Dare you affront, and slight me to my Face?
This is a most unpardonable Fault.

Endym. She's angry if I own my Love or not;
What must I do? —

Cynth. This Crime excels the first.

Endym. Then, Madam, I could love you if I durst.

Cynth. A slight Affection still is sway'd by Fear:
The perfect Lover never fails to dare.

Endym. So much Perfection in my Flame I'll prove,
That were it scann'd before the Throne of *Jove*,
No Mortal e'er had so refin'd a Love.

On this white Altar let me seal the Truth,

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

This Hand that can create Eternal Youth.

Transporting Odours breathe thro' every Pore,
That can ev'n Age inspire with Heat once more,

And crazy Nature's worst Decay restore —

White as the Milky Way in yonder Skies,

And sweet as th' fragrant Groves in Paradise;

Ah, who could live?

If so much Rapture always were express,

With so much Heav'n, Youth, Love, and Beauty blest.

[*Kisses her hand between every word.*]

Who would not sigh, and kiss, and ne'r have done?

Cynth. Oh Gods! What are we doing? away, be gone:

[*Snatching her hand away.*]

Obscure thy self in Shades, my Anger fly,

As such another Errour thou shalt dye.

Where are my Glories now?

To whom Adoring Nations humbly bow'd,

That at a distance kept the Noise Crowd.

That awful Grandeur which my Beauty grac'd,

With Vertues pure, immaculate, and chaste,

Destroy'd and wither'd like a blasted Flower,

Oh, shame to Honour and Majestick Power!

When

When it shall e'er be told my Father *Jove*,
 The dazling Queen of all the Stars above,
 Stood listning to a whining Tale of Love.
 No, I'll controll this Tyrant in my Veins,
 Oppose the Power that o'er my Freedom reigns.
 Punish the Offender, that dares so presume,
 Who soon shall find my Anger in my Doom.

[Exit Cynthia.]

Endym. Punish th' Offender that dares so presume,
 Who soon shall find my Anger in my Doom.
 Oh Fatal Sound! Oh Tyrant Beauty too!
 Thou Basilisk, which murder'st with a View:
 Thou flattering Ocean, that in Calms dost guide,
 Fond Man at first with smooth deceitful Tide;
 To wreck him after in tempestuous Pride.
 Extend thy utmost Force, and since thy Doom,
 Can give my Grievs a Period, let it come;
 Till when I'll thus, of cruel Fate complain,
 Dispairing Love can know no second Pain.

[Falls on the Ground.]

Enter Syrinx with a Drug.

Syr. My glorious Rival in yon Vale I met,
 Her Eyes with bubbling Drops of Sorrow wet.
 But 'twas a Grief which sprung from Love, I fear,
 And see, to clear the Doubt, *Endymion* here:
 And by the Posture that I find him in,
 Some petty Quarrel has betwixt 'em been.
 Oh, Traitor! Oh Ingrate! but hush, my Thoughts:
 Here's that shall take Revenge for all his Faults.

Endym. How blest is Man when his Life's Journey ends!

Syr. *Endymion* rise and see what *Cynthia* sends,
 To ease thy Aching Heart, and makes amends
 For past Unkindness.

Endym. Who names *Cynthia*?

Syrinx. I, who bring this Cordial from her. Taste and try,
 It's wondrous Vertue.

[Rises.]

Endym. Dearer than Fame or Wealth.

Syrinx. Drink deep, and with a *Gusto*: come, her Health.

Endym. With so entire a Zeal,

My throbbing Heart does the great Pleasure own,
 That were it Poyson, thus it should go down.

Syrinx. The Draught and thy Prophetick Soul agree: [He drinks.
 'Tis Poyson; and tho' no Fatal Quality
 Renders it Mortal, it Life's Orders sways;
 And thou shalt sleep the Remnant of thy Days.

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Cynthia and Endymion.

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Ha, Ha, —it works, the strange Effect begins;
Let this advance the Number of my Sins.
It yet feeds my Revenge.
Since hopeless Love Sleep from my Eyes did sever,
'Tis fit who caus'd the Curse should sleep for ever.

[Exit.

Cynthia returns.

Cynthia. 'Midst all the Anger I *Endymion* bear
Methinks I cannot leave him to despair.
His Youth may for aspiring Love atone,
Since 'twas a Fault by my Permission done,
See where he lies, his Face all bath'd in Tears:
Hah! —sure he's dead: Oh, my ill boding Fears.
'Tis so; he's gone, ———— and by my Rigor dy'd,
Oh! —Curst Effects of Greatness and of Pride!
Oh poor unhappy Youth, could not thy Ear
A Woman's false dissembl'd Anger bear?
Be Beauty henceforth blasted, not ador'd;
Nor any Charming Influence afford.
Who waits there? Stars, Nymphs, Rivers, all appear:
This Fatal News to *Jove* my Father bear.

Enter Psyche, Daphne, Cassiopeia, Andromeda, Neptune, Rivers and Stars.

Consult the Oracle his Life to save,
Say I must fetch *Endymion* from the Grave:
But first Sacred and Harmonious Sound,
Begin and Consecrate this Fatal Ground:
Bring me my Sable Veil, and put it on:
Thus I Eclipse the Lustre of the Moon.

[Music.]

[Here the Moon being Eclips'd all the Stage is darken'd.]

Shade all my Beams that did the World adorn,
And Nature for *Endymion's* Death shall mourn.

[Exit.]

Amphit. sings.

THE Poor *Endymion* lov'd too well
A Nymph Divinely fair.
Whose Fatal Eyes could hourly kill,
Or worse; could cause Despair.
For she had all her Sexes Pride,
And all their Beauty too:
And every Amorous Swain desy'd,
When e'er they came to woo.

II.

Ab! see, oft cry'd the Love-sick Youth,
The Griefs my Bosom wears,

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See, see the Constancy of Truth,
 Of their still falling Tears.
 Yet She regardless saw him weep,
 not minding true Desert :
 Which shook him with a Woe so deep,
 As broke at last his Heart.

III.

And now upon her Guilty Head
 The Sin of Murder lyes ;
 She shrinks and starts to see him dead,
 And Pity fills her Eyes.
 Ah ! see what Creatures Women are :
 She loves him more and more :
 And now does languish in Despair
 For what she scorn'd before.

Chorus. Ask the Monarch of the Noon,
 Why we lose our Darling Moon ?
 And if long she hide her Face,
 Ask him to supply her Place.
 And if long, &c.

Neptune. Look down, Almighty Jove, look down,
 And from thy Darling Throne above
 Behold the Sorrows that the Land Oppress :
 Behold our dismal Loss of Happiness
 By Cynthia's Fatal Frowns.
 My Stormy Seas mount high,
 And in my Face do fly :
 And surely Boreas no Obedience owns :
 Ah ! Pity and Redress
 Afflicted Nature's in Convulsions now ;
 Nor knows she what to do
 To gain her past Delights
 And to appease, appease, appease
 The Lovely Angry Goddess of the Night.

Poet. sings. Ask the Oracles, and straight
 We shall know Endymion's Fate.
 Nothing bidden lies
 To their great Divinities.

Chorus. Nothing, Nothing, &c.

Gang. sings. Ask why Youth and Innocence
 Punish'd are for no Offence.
 Ask the Gods why they agree
 So unjust a Thing should be.

Chorus of all. Ask the Gods, &c.
 Pay your Vows to mighty Jove :
 Round his Sacred Altar move :
 Pay your Duty and your Love.

The Scene changes to the Temple of Jupiter, of large extent, and illustrated with Golden Pillars of the Dorick and Corinthian Order. Enter Cupid and High Priests, Apollo, Neptune, Padolos, Ganges, Tyber, Amphitrite, Mars, Nymphs, and Rivers ranging on either side of the Temple; then Cupid and High Priest of Jupiter meet apart near the Statue of Jupiter.

Cupid. Doubt not my pow'r nor question *Jove's* Decree,
But speak the Mystick Words late taught by me.

H. Priest. The God of Love must be obey'd.

Cupid. Away!

Apollo for the Oracle does stay.

[Exit Cupid.]

[Musick begins here, the Priest goes and consults the Oracle and returns.]

H. Priest. Attend the Oracle.

Oracle. When she whose figure like the World's vast Frame,
That's always one, yet never is the same:
Constant, yet waning still when most encreast,
Descends to kiss and make *Endimion* blest.
Then that which seems like Death shall take
No more Effect, but he that sleeps shall wake.

H. Priest. And pay your Vows to mighty *Jove*;

and } Round his sacred Altar move;

Chorus. } Sing your Duty and your Love.

Exit all but Apollo and Mercury.

Apollo. Methinks the sacred Mystery fills my Heart,
And *Jove's* Almighty Influence inspires me:
I feel his Knowledge and in that his Favour;
For who can be the subject of this Oracle,
But *Cynthia*; she's the Hieroglifick Figure,
That's like the Globe, still wavering and yet constant:
She is to kiss *Endimion*, then he wakes,
For 'tis not Death but Sleep that seizes him.
Sleep caus'd by Charm, or some curst Drug of Nature:
This she shall know, — with thanks for her Indulgence,
Who has, I find, my Pardon got from *Jove*,
And by whose means I soon shall mount the Sky,
And once more gain my lost Divinity;
Now Cozen *Hermes*, what think you of the Oracle?

Herm. As of a Riddle,
Surpassing *Sphinx*, or any I have heard of,
'Tis only proper for *Apollo's* Wit,
Which (now he has done loving) soon will solve it.

Apollo. Oh, you are Satyrical I find, 'tis well;
For till you see how I'm reveng'd, y'have reason;
But to excuse my loving folly, know,
It is through all degrees of humanes so;
Every one bears within his Brain or Blood,
Some Lust by which a Fool is understood.
Pride Millions makes, base Avarice the same,

Honour vast shoals of Fools that fight for Fame.
 Merchants are fool'd by trust, Courtiers by Vows;
 And the City Trader by his jilting Sponse.
 Nay the Law and Clergy, whom learn'd reason fills,
 For some known frailty wear the Cap with Bells.
 But 'mongst all reasons that the wise have mer,
 Love is the best excuse for baffled Wit;
 Because the dear Temptation is most sweet:

Exit.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Hobinal, Clout, Tarbox, and Collin, driven in by two Furies.

Clout. **B**less us, how dark it is, ne'er a Star to be seen; not one pretty little Goldy lock'd Planet to comfort us; we have made fine work on't, this comes of mutining against the Gods, and disparaging our bright shining Lady *Cynthia*; we have done rarely, han't we; I always thought what would be the end on't: Ah *Collin*, *Collin*, thou deserv'st to be hang'd by *Jupiter*.

Tarb. Ay, the truth is he deserves to be hang'd for us all, he was the Ringleader, 'twas he that was so sawcy to say, he would dwindle the Gods into Constables; for my own part, I always thought 'em fit to be Justices of the Peace, or Churchwardens at least.

Low. If I had thought 'twould e'er have come to this, I should ne'er have been so free of giving my Verdict, for to speak truth, when I did it, my Conscience rambled up and down in my Stomach, I spoke the word against my will.

Collin. You spoke the words against your will! ye lie, y'are a Cuckold, and take that, Sirrah, you spoke the words as freely as a poor Tumbrill Whore does the Matrimony, when she has got a Cully with an Estate to marry her.

Hob. Wou'd I had let the Satyr have done what he would with my Daughter, rather than by calling your assistance; make the Deities so angry, and the Night so dark, that I can't find the way to my Wife, tho' he had put her to the squeak a little, if she had but kept her own Council, 'twould ne'er have spoil'd her Match, the Girl wou'd have done well enough, my Son *Clout* wou'd have ne'er an Inch the less of her.

Clout. Gads Diggers, I had rather Buddy had been brought to bed of a whole Litter of Satyrs, than that pure Barrel of Stingo strong Beer shou'd piss all about the Celler so, for my not having light enough to stop the Foster: a Wife often brings a Man a Cup of Discontent, but that wou'd have afforded a Brimmer of Comfort at any time.

Collin. Here's a Fellow for ye; this Rogue has not been marry'd so long a time as a Mid-wife would be making a Bowl of Punch, yet cares not so

his.

his Barrel of Stingo have a safe Spiggot and Fawcet, if his Wife's Firken were rap'd by the Devil.

Tarb. Ay, ay, we ought to complain, and curse ye too for offending our gracious *Cynthia*: gad I believe you have made her fall into fits with vexing, and that's the reason she won't shine.

Low. Ye have all less reason to complain for want of her than I; for I am lam'd about it; I broke both my Shins in the dark, falling over a great Form yonder, then presently run my Face against the corner of a Pale, and broke out three of my Teeth, and in two Minutes after tumbling down Stairs, fell into a confounded Celler last night.

Collin. Ah! I into a damn'd deep Well, this Morning, but what then, I'm as sturdy as ever: and a fig for a Moon shine, we'll do our work by day light, and honest *Will o'th' Wisp* shall light us to bed instead of her.

Clout. Gads Diggers, and I'll say't, now. *Collin*, you're a sawsy Fellow, and I remember what you said before of *Cynthia*, when you call'd her Jilt: but you shall find now, some are wiser than some, Gads diggers, I'll peach.

Collin. Why then you shall find some are richer than some, I'll bribe off your evidence with a full bag, and then what becomes of your Peaching, Puppy.

Hob. Ay, but I fancy, do y' hear, these burnt Brandy Drinkers that wait upon us will take no clipt Money, so that you wou'd not bubble them, and for us, we know ye too well, to trust.

Collin. Why if they come from the Devil, as by their looks I'm apt to believe they do; 'twill serve to melt down well enough; I know their way of Trade.

Tarb. Ay, here comes one will discover whether his Coyn be currant or no, presently; 'tis God *Mercury*, who I hear is ordered to impeach us and hurry us to tryal.

Collin. Ay, let them try what they can; I'll get one witness or two out of the way, I'll warrant ye.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. How now, what are these the Rogues that *Minos* and *Radamanthus* have sent for to try and punish about defying the Deists?

Clout. An please your Worship, your Lordship, your Dukeship, your Godship; my Lord, we are poor ignorant People, and have been very much seduced, and please ye, we have been confoundedly led by the Nose, as the saying is.

Collin. Led by the Nose, hold your peace, Calves head.

Merc. What, then it seems you are the Champion to defend their Iniquities: come let's hear, what do you say?

Collin. Nothing.

Merc. You can look sawcily I perceive, what are you? hah.

Collin. I don't know; look ye than't catch me.

Merc. How, Sirrah, not know your self.

Collin. No, may be I don't know my self, but I believe I know you, I'm no Thief.

Merc. No Thief, Sirrah.

Collin. No, I say, I'm no Thief, peoples Spoons and Forks may lie in quiet for me, make the best of that again, I say.

Merc. You are a rare sawcy Slave indeed; Sirrah, do you know who I am.

Collin. Yes, I think I do, and harkee, don't you believe because you are a God, that you should play the Devil with me; nay never frown for the matter; lookee, I don't fear ye, and if you'll do any thing upon the square, say but the word, I'm ready; why you are no more than one of us, now mun.

Merc. 'Tis very well Rascal; but sure we shall hamper ye.

Collin. We; ay, I thought you wou'd want help; and I'll try if I can match your Cock, faith harkee Brother, thou look'st: [*To one of the Furies.* stand by me, and let him send for his Brother *Mars* if he will, we'll thrash him, I'll warrant thee.

Hob. Ah, 'tis likely they'll take your part, did you ever hear such a sawcy Rogue, Neighbours let's knock him down.

Collin. Say ye so; nay if the Gods and Devils are reconcil'd, here's like to be a strange World; but come, fall back, fall edge; I'll stand to't till my Stampers fail me; come all together if you will, I'll have a brush with ye, faith, I'll ne'er go to Goal tamely, not I, Zoons, I'll thump some of you.

Merc. You that expect favour from the Judges, seize him, and bring him away.

Collin. Why *Tarbox*, *Clout*, why *Hob*, *Slaves*, *Nincompoops*; ah, ye cowardly Rogues, *Zooks* give me fair play, and bring half a Dozen of your shamakin Gods, I'll drub 'em, bring *Jupiter*, I'll break his head, I'll Cuckold him; fair play, fair play ye Rogues. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the Grove where Endimion lies.

Enter Syrinx.

Syrinx. **H**Orror surrounds me wherefoe'er I go,
And each green Covert seems the seat of Wo:
Tremblings and Fear do all my Spirits seize;
And as I walk, methinks amongst the Trees,
Demons peep out and mock my Miseries.
Oh that I could from Fate *Endimion* save,
Or could expell the Poyson that I gave;
But 'tis too late to wish it.

Enter Cupid.

Cupid. This is she,

Whose

Whose ranker'd Malice, Pride and Treachery,
Has made me use her as my Property :
Her Envy true desert to none allows,
But still to all her Sex base Rancour shows ;
I'll try her with my *Psyche's* character ;
I'll pardon all if she prove just to her.

Syrinx. What lovely Youth is this?

Cupid. Bright Virgin may

A harmless Boy desire your patient stay,
To tell him where he may fair *Psyche* find :
Fair *Psyche*, the too charming, too unkind :
For I have wandered all the live long day,
And stranger to these Groves, have lost my way.

Syrinx. Close by a Brook that glides through yonder
A beaten Path to *Cynthia's* Palace leads, (Meads,
There you may find the Dowdy you think fair.

Cupid. Think so sweet Nymph, why then does any there,
Any of *Cynthia's* Nymphs with her compare :
Pray speak. for I'll believe it from your Tongue,
Another I should think might do her wrong :
Is she not wondrous beautifull ?

Syrinx. She's young.

Cupid. Young as the Infant-Blossoms of the Spring,
And fragrant as the Odors which they bring.
The season smiles whene'er she walks abroad.
She's all divine ; a Mistress for a God.

Syrinx. Whate'er she is, you are in Love I find,
All Colours are alike to those are blind.

Cupid. My Eyes are not so blind, but I can see
A Heavenly Beauty.

Syrinx. Who has such Beauty ?

Cupid. She.

Syrinx. Alas poor Child, you must instructed be.

Cupid. 'Mongst *Cynthia's* Stars has there a brighter shone?

Syrinx. Ye Novice ; yes, a thousand, — I am one.

Cupid. But then her Innocence you must allow ;
No guilt e'er sully'd yet her Snowy Brow.

A Virgin Vertue from all Vice so free,
There's nothing purer in Divinity.

Syrinx. That creature well may for a Vertue pass,
And innocent that no Temptation has.

Cupid. Has she not Charms that every heart does rule?

Syrinx. Charms, thou mean'st Freckles, pish, the Boy's a
Her Legs are crooked. (Fool ;

Cupid. Hah !

Syrinx. Her Eyes are sore.

Cupid. Monstrous.

Syrinx. A Dowdy, as I said before.

Cupid. Be dumb, abhorr'd Detractor speak no more;
But swift Destruction for thy Malice find,
Thou venom'd Vermin of the Serpent kind;
Psyche shall be as far above thy fate,
As at this Moment she's above thy hate;
Which to confirm,— my self I this make known,
I am the God of Love.

Syrinx. And I undone.

Cupid. I rule all hearts in Earth or Heaven above,
And thou the worst that e'er hadst grace to love,
In my revenge shall fall unpitied.

Syrinx. Stay;

[*Kneels.*

Oh turn nor thus thy charming Eyes away;
But hear me speak and mitigate thy hate:
Repentance to a God ne'er came too late.

Cupid. No, thy vile Sin deserves severest pain,
Who dares infringe the Laws that I maintain,
Makes the great end of her Creation vain.
The envious Fair has Beauty worse bestow'd;
I'll punish thee, to shew I am a God.

[*Exit Cupid.*

Syrinx. He's gone, the Monarch of our Soul is gone,
And leaves me here to hate my self alone.

Cynthia by him will my late mischiefs know;
But let him tell, more obstinate I'll grow;
More ills to guard the first I will pursue,
And shew what Woman when provok'd can do:
I'll to my doting Lover *Pan* repair,
Wheedle and make him by his God-head swear,
That I am guiltless of that curst Affair;
And see he comes in th' opportunity,
As fit as Hell approv'd my Policy.

Now Female subtilty inspire my Brain,
And let not Woman have a Wit in vain.

Enter Pan.

Pan. What have you done, why was the fatal Drug,
By me design'd so well, so ill employ'd?
Now by my Hears this act so much hath wrong'd me,
I curse your Beauty and my foolish Grant.

Syrinx. When you once know the Justice I have done you,
You'll thank me for the deed, he was your Rival.

Pan. My Rival.

Syrinx. A most pernicious one, a close Pursuer;
I ne'er cou'd rest in quiet for him.

Pan. Villain, I care not then if he were dead: [*Angrily.*

But

But is it possible you cou'd do this for me?

Syrinx. I cou'd do any thing for him I love.

Pan. And do you love me.

Syrinx. Do I love my Soul.

Pan. My Life.

[*Passionately.*
Kisses her hand.]

Syrinx. My Heart.

Pan. She stings me more and more:

I'm mad, she never was so kind before;

She's now my own, and meets my Love with Passion.

Syrinx. Oh, thou sweet Devil, dear Dissimulation. [*Aside.*]

Pan. What shall I do for thee?

Syrinx. One thing particularly:

When *Cynthia* summons us about this business,

As 'tis most like she will, be sure t' excuse me,

Vouch and declare that I am innocent,

You are a God, and I a poor weak Woman;

One that has many Foes and want your help;

Do this and boldly, I am yours for ever.

Pan. Yes, I will do it, tho' the Oracle roar

In Thunder louder than a teeming Cloud:

I will my self expound the mistick meaning,

And turn it upon any one but thee;

For thee, *Apollo* I'll once more abuse,

And save my Love, tho' I my Godhead lose.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. I'm sorry that I bring so ill a Message;

But know from th' mighty Thunderer I come,

To summon both of you to make appearance,

Before the bright Assembly of the Gods;

Apollo will again be deif'd:

And being join'd with *Cupid* has impeach'd ye

Of poysoning *Endimion*; I have command

To bring ye instantly.

Pan. *Jove* must be obey'd:

But who interpreted the Oracle?

Merc. *Apollo* privally to *Cynthia*, who makes his peace

With *Jove*, come the time wasts.

Pan. Well, well, I go:

They soon will find my Innocence is pure;

I never poyson'd him.

Syrinx. Nor I, I'm sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Psyche.

Psyche. I that was wont to tremble at the night,
In solitary darkness now delight:

Welcome

Welcome, a welcome then thou friendly shade,
 That hid'st the sorrow of a love-sick Maid:
 Tho' all the Stars withdraw their Lustre now;
 And fate sits cloudy upon *Cynthia's* brow;
 Since her Eclipse, tho' black *Saturnia* reigns,
 Whilst gazing Nations wonder what it means;
 Yet this dear secret benefit is wrought;
 Darkness is fittest for a Lover's thought:
 Where art thou, thou dear subject of my sighs,
 Where dost thou hide thee from my longing Eyes,
 And yet convey such Charms into my breast,
 That since I saw thee wou'd not let me rest.
 Hah, who comes here, by that majestic Mein,
 Clouded in sorrow, it shou'd be the Queen
 Going to see *Endimion*.

Enter Cynthia Veil'd, a Paper in her hand.

Cynthia. Heaven's decree,
 Sure can no scandal to my Vertue be:
 Unerring sacred Oracles relate,
 That I am Mistress of *Endimion's* fate;
 And that a Kiss can a new life create:
 A Kiss; ye Powers must divine *Cynthia* be
 A Sacrifice to mens necessity?
 My Lips have yet their sacred Sweets retain'd,
 And with unhallow'd touch was ne'er profan'd:
 And shall they now that glory lose, oh never;
 Rather than so, Gods, let him sleep for ever.
 Who's there.

Psyche. 'Tis I.

Cynthia. My *Psyche*.

Psyche. Yes.

Cynthia. Alas!

What fortune brings thee to this mournfull place;
 Thy happy hours no stormy cares invades:
 Content Love's light, 'tis grief that seeks the shades.
Psyche. Of that a weighty share I challenge too,
 For Madam, I do hourly grieve for you:
 Some little sorrow my own cause I lend,
 But much more grief for you, my Queen.

Cynthia. Your Friend.

Psyche. How long must we in dreadfull Shades abide?
 How long will th' starry Queen her Lustre hide?
 What says the Oracle? pray give me leave
 To know the Mystery, and why you grieve.

Cynthia. Sweet Innocence, the Cause will soon appear,
And therefore all my Discontents read there;
'Tis th' Oracle that shews me to prolong
Endimion's life, but does my Virtue wrong.

Psyche reads.] When she, whose Figure's like the World's vast frame,
That's always one, yet never is the same:
Constant, yet waning still, when most encreas'd;
Descends to Kiss, and make *Endimion* blest.
Then that which seems like death shall take
No more effect, but he that sleeps shall wake.

Psyche. Oh, ye immortal Pow'rs, what's this I read?
If this be true, if it be so indeed.
Upon the Truth my lasting Joy does move;
For when she Kisses him, I gain my love. [*Apart.*
Now I remember well, 'twas so decreed.

Cynthia. Now tell me, am I fit for such a deed?
Does such an action suit my state and name?

Psyche. Yes, and 'twill add to your eternal fame. [*Eagerly.*
Great *Jove* will crown it, you'll the pattern be,
Of noble Justice, sacred Clemency.

Cynthia. Rather disgrac'd, that I shou'd stoop so low.

Psyche. Ah, Madam, if you love me, do it now.

Cynthia. How concern'd she is.

Psyche. Alas, what harm can there be in a kiss,
A touch, a nothing, hardly worth a name;
So innocent, so hurtless to your fame.
That harmless Doves I've seen in sunny weather,
To coo and kiss for half an hour together:
Nay, I have don't, nor thought Lips less sweet,
A thousand times to my dear Paraquite.

Cynthia. Tho' not my Lips, my Honour may be wrong'd.

Psyche. Ah, never since *Endimion's* life's prolong'd:
A pitying Glance on the poor Youth afford;
Think how by him great *Cynthia* was ador'd.
By him your Statues was with Garlands crown'd;
And tho' no favour in your Eyes he found,
By him you still was lov'd, and still renown'd.

Cynthia. If he aspires to me, his Love's a fault.

Psyche. Not when it comes no farther than a Thought.
Ah, Madam, at your feet does *Psyche* lie. [*Kneels to her.*
Kiss him, pray kiss him—now, now, presently.

Cynthia. Her Zeal, poor Girl, is half turn'd Lunacy.
Let me consider——

Psyche. In the mean time see,
The suffocating Nations all like me.
In mystick Rites—and solemn Songs implore,
This heavenly grant, which will their Moon restore.

Cynthia and Endimion.

[Here enter's an Antimask of Nations, of Arabs, Indians, Moors, with Noisy Instruments in their Hands; Nymphs, Rivers attending.]

SONG, by a Druid.

Black and Gloomy as the Grave,
Or Chaos once sad Nature lies;
Some pitying Power the Nation save,
Ere cruel Fate all things destroys.
Let Martial Musick loudly charm
This horror of Eclipse away;
Let Trumpets sound, Drums beat alarm,
And sacred Light as lately sway;
That in Groves and in Plains,
The Nymphs and the Swains,
May sing to each other new Joys;
And the Satyrs and Fawns,
Trip o'er the green Lawns,
When Cynthia unveils her bright Eyes.

Chorus. That in Groves, &c.

[A Dance here of Arabs, Indians, Moors, &c. which done, all kneel.]

[Cynthia comes on.]

Cynthia. Virtue with pity shou'd be still endow'd;
'Tis a rank Vice in Greatness to be proud.
What tho' the World that I'm a Goddess know,
Fix'd in a sphere so high, and he so low:
Yet my conspicuous Grandure must not be
Example for relentless Cruelty.
Besides, the Oracle of Jove has said
It must be so, and Jove must be obey'd.
Psyche, thou hast prevail'd.

Psyche. Oh happy Hour.

Cynthia. And now you Deities, and every Power
That love the night, days coming luster chase,
And shade the glowing blushes of my face.
Let Phæbus close confin'd this minute be;
Attractive Thetis, keep him in the Sea;
Till I this strange unusual thing have done,
And the effect of Jove's Command have shewn.
Take this Kiss, which Oracles ordain;
Take what no Mortal did before obtain;
Nor ever, after thee, must hope again.

[Kisses him, he awakes.]

Cupid. The sacred Touch divine Impression makes;
See, from his deadly Swoon the Youth awakes:
Let him his Heaven find in Cynthia's Charms;
My Heav'n's on Earth, whilst Psyche's in my Arms.

Psyche. Ah! can this beauteous Vision then be true!
My dear dear Charmer, am I sure 'tis you?

[Runs eagerly and embraces Psyche.]

Cupid. 'Tis I, thou sweet Perfection of thy Kind;
Ah, round thy Waste, let me like Ivy bind. [Embracing.
Psyche. But how? what shall I call my Heart's best Joy?

Cupid. Call me the Sovereign of Sympathy.
But if my common Title thou would'st know,
The God of Love; all humanes call me so.
With better Title grac'd, now being thine, [Embracing her.
Psyche. The God of Love; was ever Fare like mine? [Embraces and kisses him.

Now with my Sex can I with Pride look down,
And above Mortal Bliss can prize my own.
They still must with short scraps of Joy dispence;
But here, for ever, I've the Quintessence. [Agen embrace.]

Cupid. To the glad World the Light's restor'd agen.
[Endimion comes forward.]

Endim. Where am I now! what Visions have I seen!
My Heart yet throbs with the Remains of Joy,
That blest my Sence, and entertain'd my Eye:
Eternal Groves, all flourishing and gay;
Refreshing Bloom, and everlasting Day.
Upon a lucid Mount, methought I sat,
And saw the sacred Mysteries of Fate.
Beheld the Furies chase Earth's impious brood,
Whilst Gods were coyning Blessings for the good.
But now, methinks, I feel my wonted Pain
Shaking, to mortal Cares return'd again.
Yet who a Pain can know when Cynthia's by?
Oh my full heart!

Cynthia. Endimion, yes, 'tis I,
Whose pity was too great to see you lie
So long entranc'd: but how? how came you charm'd?

Endim. What your Eyes left undone, your Drug perform'd.

Cynthia. My Drug! he raves; and I th' Infection take.

Endim. Admire not, Madam, Miracles you make.

Syrinx from you the fatal potion brought.

Cynthia. From me! Oh impious Wretch, let her be sought; }
By all my Stars I ne're had such a Thought.

Endim. Then I am happy beyond mortal Bliss;

For 'tis a Torment to me I confess,

To think great Cynthia was the Poysoner

Of poor Endimion, for Adoring her.

The Heavenly Powers

On Reprobrates their Furies exercise,

But cast no Thunder on the Votaries:

Besides, my Love had so much purity,

It could not lessen you, tho' it exal'd me.

Cupid. Since Harmony Alarms every thing below,

Let Songs of Love, Life's darling Blessing flow.

Cynthia and Endimion.

[Enter Zephiros and Iris, and Sing.]

Zeph. **A** *H, what happy Days and Nights
The fond Lover,
Does discover,
When his Mistress smiles upon him,
To the Heaven of sweet Delights.
Kind Desire,
Mounts him higher,
Every Moment she looks on him :
'Tis the noblest Gift of Jove;
'Tis the greatest Joy above :
Let us then for ever love ;
Ever love, ever love ;
Let us then for ever love.*

II.

Iris. *Bliss beyond all Thought she feels,
Who's kind Wooer,
Does pursue her,
With a true and constant Passion ;
Panting Joy each Pulse reveals.
All her Glances,
Are Advances,
When Love rules her Inclination :
Pray we then to Mighty Jove,
That our Flames may ne'er remove ;
But for ever let us love ;
Let us love, let us love ;
But for ever let us love.*

Second Movement.

Zeph. *Humours most obstinate Love changes soon.*
Iris. *Love puts the harshest discord into tune.*
Zeph. *Inspires the fordid, makes the Miser fine.*
Iris. *Turns humane cares into a bliss divine :*
'Tis all transporting Joy, and charms the Heart ;
'Tis all in all, and all in every part.
Chorus of both. *'Tis all transporting, &c.*

*Enter Apollo Deified with a Crown of Stars, with Daphne guarded,
and a young Shepherd.*

Apollo. *Endimion, take this Crown, and put it on ;
The King of Gods adopts thee for his Son :
Wonder not, but receive the Gift from me ;
The next to this is Immortality.*

Thy sacred Vertues are proclaim'd above,
Even in the high and dazling Court of *Jove*;
Who will himself descend to honour thee.

Endim. So much devotion to the grace belongs,
I must in Blushes pay my gratitude.

Apollo. And now, since the great Thunderer has endued
Me with new Power, and from the Race of Men
Translated me into a God agen,
Th' Affronts and Injuries I lately bore,
I purpose to revenge.

Cynthia. You have the Power.

Apollo. Look then upon this slander to her Race;
This very Devil—with an Angel's face:
False, as a Harlot's Tears, to gain her Will,
Or an old Rebel, Politician's Zeal.
True, Woman, like the first Mankind betray'd,
When Hell and she their precious bargain made.
This Creature, this fair piece of Cruelty;
I blush to speak it, was belov'd by me;
The Mistress of my Soul, and fond Desires,
Till her vain folly quench'd my hallow'd fires.
I was the subject of her scorn and pride;
Jest, and a thousand Vanities beside.

But see the Woman's cheat in being coy;
This seeming Virtue, with a down-cast Eye,
I found this Morning courtling of a Boy;
Pratling warm Love, applauding his rare Feature,
Prompted by all the Furies in her Nature.
This mov'd my Rage, and by the Powers above,
Refusing me, she shall no other love.

Cynthia. To everlasting Shades I her condemn;
First for refusing you, then loving him.

Daph. Oh fatal Sound, oh cruel Goddess too,
Upon my Knees thus let me rooted grow, [Kneels.
Untill this horrid Sentence you repeal.

Apollo. To hope compassion, and yet none to feel;
What confidence is this?

Daph. Ah, calm your hate. [In a soft Tone.
You once was kinder in your Mortal state.
Am I grown old? and do my Charms abate?

Apollo. Ah, flattering Mischief—think not to regain
Affection lost—I was a Lover then,
That sed your Pride, and bred you to be Vain.
Nay, so divine a Passion I could boast;
My love supply'd the heaven I had lost:
But no return, no gratitude I met;
You must be coy:

Daph. I but dissembl'd it.

You

You say your self it is the female cheat.

Apollo. You cannot love, pursue the Humour still:

Daph. Forgive me now, and if I can, I will. [*Tenderly kneeling.*]

Apollo. What, your young Minion here, for him you'll try?

No, I'll not trust your Sex's fallacy.

He is the chosen Darling you adore,

And I am to be flatter'd for my Power.

Away, this last Affront's too great to bear;

The Wretch, I'll not forgive, I will not hear.

Your Sex shall know, that Heaven your Beauty gave;

Not to oblige the fool, or fortune's slave;

But to reward the witty, and the brave.

Daph. Why then Rage on, and your worst Anger prove;

My stubborn fix'd Resolve it ne'er shall move.

Opinion throws a Mist ore Womens Eyes;

And none but those we like, to us are wise.

Witty or brave, not pleasing is defy'd;

Thus till our Inclination bows our Pride;

Will is our Law, and Fancy is our Guide.

Apollo. Why, farewell Womankind, and welcome Rest,

That has so long been banish'd from my Breast.

'Tis proper now to plant new Glory there.

Welcome kind *Hermes*.

Enter Mercury, with Pan and Syrinx, guarded.

Merc. From yon starry Sphere

Jove sends his strict and dread Commands by me,

That *Syrinx* be accus'd of th' Infamy

Of Poys'ning *Endimion*.

Cynthia. Be not seen.

[*Exit. Endimion.*]

Whilst I examin her.

Syrinx. Night's Illustrious Queen!

How comes it that I must bear this Insolence,

Where *Pan* can justifie my Innocence?

Cynthia. Does *Pan* affirm it?

Pan. Yes, and more can prove.

When this was done, she was in yonder Grove.

Merc. Sheering your Sheep, or listning to your Love,

On what Employment, Son?

Apollo. The horrid Act,

By Drugg or Potion had its curs'd Effect:

And sure, of such a Drugg, I've heard you speak.

Syrinx. Then all our former cunning is too weak,

Mischief assist me. [*Aside.*]

Cynthia. In excusing her,

You make your self the Hellish Poys'ner;

For 'tis undoubted you or she must do it.

Syrinx. Then since it must be so, the truth shall out.

Much I'm concern'd a Rural Deity,
So highly priz'd, should be accus'd by me.
But since I now am forc'd to speak the truth,
'Twas *Pan* that Poyson'd the much-injur'd Youth.

Pan. By Hell I'm finely caught.

Syrinx. Through jealous Nature,
That I admir'd *Endimion's* shape and feature,
Unruly Love urg'd him to act this Evil:
Indeed I pity him — *[Weeps.]*

Pan. Oh, cunning Devil.

Is this your Love? is this your Constancy? *[To her apart.]*

Syrinx. Talk not of Love, I always hated thee. *[Apart.]*

Pan. And yet you swore your Vows all constant were.

Syr. Dull fool, will you believe us when we swear? *[Apart.]*
'Tis our design to cheat you when we Vow.

Pan. There is not such a Fury sure below.

But why thou Fiend on me, this curs'd disgrace?

Syrinx. Because I wanted then just such an Ass;
Such a fond loving Fool.

Pan. Thou front of Brass,

Didst not thou do it? *[Aloud.]*

Syrinx. Alas, he's now quite mad;

Pray let some get the drivelling God to bed.

See, see; he Raves!

Cynthia. What Riddles do I hear?

Come forth, *Endimion*, let the truth appear.

Syrinx. Nay, if he be reviv'd, my case is clear

The Mischief can no longer wear disguise;

Vain are my Arts, and useles all my Lyes.

But stubbornly I will defy their Power,
And from this hated Moment speak no more.

Confession to exclude, I'll thus lock fast
My Lips, and shew true Woman to the last.

Cynthia. *Endimion*, speak.

And as you hope a future grace from me,

Boldly declare the truth who did it.

Endim. She. *[Pointing to Syrinx.]*

Cynthia. Yet you are guiltless, and do nothing know;

Winds bear her hence to Caves of Frost and Snow;

She shall be judg'd, and for this spitefull deed;

To-morrow be transform'd into a Reed.

Apollo. And she, for whom the God of Wit once m^{an}d,

Proud *Daphne* to a Laurel shall be turn'd:

The Minion to a Bramble growing by:

Away with them, I will hear no reply. *[Ex. Daph. Syrinx, &c.]*

Cynthia. Come, let's to *Jove*, who is, I see, descending,

And mingle with our fellow Deities:

For now on Earth nothing but Joy must be,

Whilst great *Latona's* Off-spring thus agree.

SCENE

SCENE V. *After a Stormy Night, Jupiter and Juno descend from the Gods and Goddesses in the Machine, the Stage is fill'd with Rivers, Stars, Rivers, &c. then Cupid and Psyche descend and dance; and after them is the grand Dance of Gods and Goddesses; which ended, Cynthia speaks.*
Cynthia. As when from huddled Chaos Earth was made,

And of the World the first foundation laid:
 High on bright Thrones th' Eternal Council sat,
 To hear the mighty Words that did create:
 So a Divine Cabal now fills this place;
 Ah, how can I deserve the mighty grace:
 My Will does with Desires unbounded sway;
 But 'tis a debt too great for me to pay.
 Accept then grateful Vows——[*Bowing to Jove.*

Jupiter. You from this hour,
 O're Heaven, as well as here, have half my Power.
 Old Nature shall a second Model take,
 And to Creations I'll Additions make:
 Cherish the brave and good with lasting Praise,
 And Crown true Virtue with Eternal Bays:
 Disperse the poisonous Seeds that Vice does sow;
 Which digg'd and rooted up, no more shall grow.

[*Cynthia sits, and there is the Dance of Gods and Goddesses.*
*The Moon with a New World I will improve,
 And thence the Vices of the Old remove:
 Dim-sighted Mortals shall the change allow,
 And the great grace of Revolution know.*

Juno. Love shall be all refin'd, pure and serene,
 And in the rapture there shall be no sin;
 But Heavenly Souls, who the soft fire does warm;
 Long Ages live and love, and think no harm.

Jove. It shall not such a plague as Faction know,
 The Clouds Religion fram'd in Hell below:
 But all in Peace and firm Obedience move.

Cynthia. And bless the sacred Majesty of Jove.
Omnes. And bless, &c.

Then Enter Mars and Minerva, and sing, while a Machine descends; and Cynthia, Endimion, Apollo and Hermes Enter, Endimion is chang'd into a Star, and with a Chorus the Opera concludes.

SONG, in Two Parts, between Mars and Minerva.

<p>THE Loud-tongu'd War, like Thunder, Comes Echoing thro' the Plains; And distant Nations wonder, Which side the glorious Conquest gains. <i>Tamara rara, Trumpeis sound,</i> Fill all the Air with Martial Rattle;</p>	<p>Dub, Dub-a-dub, the Noise rebounds, To urge the Heroes on to Battle. The Cannons roar in murdering Flame, Up to the Skies the Smoak all's rawl: Beat an Alarm, they Storm, they Storm; And now Immortal William's Name, Resounds from Poll to Poll.</p>
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THE END.